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FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

I love the hour of twilight grey,—
Then round my heart, sweet visions play,
And scenes of former days arise,
And gentle thoughts possess my soul,
Freed for awhile from care's control,
And memory breathes her tenderest sighs.

I love thee! stilly pensive hour,
So sweetly soothing is thy power,
It throws around a bland repose
That can at times a charm impart,
To hush the sorrows of the heart
And chase awhile its sharpest woes.

I love, when eve's last lingering ray,
Has faded in the west away
And the broad shadows deepen fast;
And the soft murmur of the breeze
Steals faintly whisp'ring thro' the trees,
To muse alone on all the past.

Oh! then I love to think of thee
As tho' thou still wert lent to me,
Dear treasure of my lonely heart;
And trace again those blissful hours
When life was strewn with fairest flowers,
Ere Heaven decreed that we must part.

And oft I love to watch, each star
That shoots its radiance from afar,
And think, perhaps thy home may be
Amid these brilliant orbs so fair,
And tho' a blessed spirit there
That thou mayest still remember me.

And much I love at that mild hour,
While memory wakes with thrilling power
Each fond remembrance in my breast,
So fancy thee a seraph near
Hov'ring around with guardian care
To soothe my every grief to rest.

I love to think how sweet t'will be
To meet thee in Eternity,
When all my trials here are o'er;
And greet thee with an angel's love
And be thine own again above
Where joys shall last forever more E.W.

(From the Gift for 1837.)

THE NAMELESS ONE.

A Tale of Florence.

BY ALEXANDER DIMITRY, A. M.

Chy. Shall we redeem 'em if we set our houses?
Emp. Yes, fairly.
Chy. That at my *Villa* ——
Emp. At it —— 'Tis mine!
Chy. Then, farewell, fig-trees! for I ne'er can redeem them—
Sir, will you please another throw with me?
Emp. Why, then, have it fairly—the last stake?
'Tis mine!
Valentinian, a Tragedy.

It had been a custom, time out of mind, in his family;—tables were set, each Friday night, in the principal hall in the palace—and by the glare of a Venetian chandelier, amid an almost monastic silence, the company gave themselves up to the wild frenzy of play. Politics—what is politics in an enslaved nation!—were strictly excluded from the noble conclave; and religion was no more thought of than if there had been no Pope in the eternal city. Gaming was the chief source of diversion, and supplied every other species of amusement. It was, therefore, a Friday night. For more than two hours, the ears of the guests had been feasted with the rustling of cards—a game lately invented to while away the idiot hours of the seventh Charles of France,—when Robert Vivaldi, the munificent host of the Vivaldi palace, suddenly left a group of ladies, with whom he had been engaged in conversation, [illegible] with heaps of gold, and rolls of notes of the Bank of Genoa, recently called into existence to relieve the shattered finances of the republic, wasted by long and murderous wars against the infidel.

'Vivaldi,' said the youthful heir of the princely fortunes of the house of Bracciano, 'stake five hundred pistoles with me;—I am not in the vein—I have been losing all night. This is the last stake, and may turn the luck.' And the five hundred pistoles were spread on the cloth. In two turns of the cards, Vivaldi's and Bracciano's pistoles passed to the heaps which were fast increasing before the successful *ponto*. Bracciano rose from his seat and very graciously offered it to Vivaldi. The latter accepted, and his first stake was of two thousand sequins.

'Doria,' said he to the winning adversary, let's see how far fortune will favor thee! Thou art more lucky at cards than a woman. 'Tis an old saw of our native land thou knowest!'

'Vivaldi,' answered the person to whom this speech was addressed, as he was dealing the cards, 'it is nowise generous to remind me *now*, that thou art to wed with my fair cousin, Aglaura Calvacati, in a few days. She smiles on thy suit—and 'tis well! Ye are handplighted—'tis better still! Yet, clubs, and follow *this* suit, an if it please thee.'

'I sought not to wound thy feelings, our right noble cousin, that art to be; but I have no clubs.'

'Then I have won; five cards of the same suit!' said Doria, throwing the hand on the table.

'The two thousand sequins are thine! I stake twenty thousand;—'tis about the value of the earrings I intend buying for Aglaura's bridal day.'

'How, Vivaldi! Still harping on Aglaura? Ha, the king! The cards are mine; show thy hand.—Again worsted, Vivaldi—wilt give up to me now?'

'*Corpo di Bacco*, no! It is not my wont when I lose;—a Vivaldi never shrunk before so pitiful a check of fortune. Fifty thousand!'

'A heavy stake! too heavy, perchance but thou art a noble adversary, Vivaldi, and a free-handed, that deservest the smiles of fortune. Fifty thousand let it be!'

The heavy play attracted the attention of the other players: male and female rose simultaneously, and stood round Doria and Vivaldi, in deep silence and anxiety. It was a scene worthy of the dark-tinted brush of Salvator; and there was fascination in that picturesque group, bent in thrilling interest over the players, overtopped by the ancestral statues, looking grimly, in marble sternness, on the deed.

'It had been wrong in you, Signor Doria,' said Vivaldi, changing his tones and manner, 'to have hung on the stake. Are you yet to learn my palace outprices yours—my *villa* of Camaldoli your vines of Carrara—and that Vivaldi's name weighs as powerfully as the proudest Doria's?'

'Passion and ill luck must not blind you, Signor di Vivaldi, as to the meaning of my words; and, above all, as to the meaning of my silence. Reflection will tell you that fifty thousand sequins are a heavy stake, now that the Imperialists are wasting our fair Italy, and that trinket cost twenty thousand sequins.'

'Methinks you mock me, Sir Knight?'

'No, Sir Robert Vivaldi; I do but win your sequins—the fifty thousand are mine.'

'Ay! but my lands of the Camaldoli may well stand for two hundred thousand—and the title deeds are free and unhampered.'

'Well, have at the lands of the Camaldoli;—but softly! I pray who shall warrant me that the Black Bands are not there already? Who knows but, at this moment, their horses are browsing at your gate—the Reiters swilling your wines—and the Landsknechts marauding on your grounds? Do you answer for them in case of previous occupation?'

'I do—for all bate, scath and damage; but play on.'

'Have you any water, at Camaldoli, on your lands?'

'The Tiber runs over my fields. You may poison the whole Campagna Romana, if such should be your whim; but play on, I say.'

'Are the sites shady? have you any statues in the park? any perspectives? I am passionately fond of perspectives.'

'Yes, each and all of these, with stocks and gibbets for my vassal, to boot—for I hold the right of justice, high and low over them. Are you ambitious in the exercise of that right? If so—but, in the devil's name, play on!'

'Are those vassals of yours—the *contadini*, I mean—handsome? Boast any of them the freshness and beauty of Aglaura?'

'Ha!' said Vivaldi, blenching and quivering with rising passion; 'a truce to this ribaldry, Doria, or by the bones of my noble sire'—and his hand sought the guard of his rapier.

'Nay never grasp your sword, man!' said Doria; 'everything is said between us, and I play two hundred thousand sequins against the villa of the Camaldoli.'

'Ay! a thousand times, ay!'

'Hearts!'
'Have at hearts.'
'Hearts!'
'Have at them again.'
'Hearts!'
'Hell and Satan! I have none.'
'Hearts!'
'Play on.'
'Hearts!'
'None.'
'Camaldoli is mine!'

'Oh, but these are infamous cards! The foul fiend himself hath kneaded them into paper—and his own baleful fires colored to my undoing!—I beg you, ladies, to excuse this burst of feeling,—but indeed no one could be more scurvily treated by fate. I am really ashamed of myself, for, after all, 'tis but a paltry two hundred thousand; and I am proud to yield to the loss. Have ye been as luckless as I to-night! I should be sorry to hear it.—But I cry you forgiveness, Sir Knight; I had forgotten that Camaldoli is yours. My steward shall hand you over the titles; but, I do beseech you, be so kind as to invite the young ladies sometimes.—Curses on my frowning star. Hearts throughout—a sequence of five hearts!'

'It will be a happy day to me, Sir Vivaldi, when the ladies shall honor my villa with their goodly company,—and you, yourself, whenever it may so list you to come and spend a fortnight——'

'Enough—but will you so soon clip the wings of victory! You have the *villa*, but this place is still mine. After the Pitti, you know, 'tis the admiration of all strangers and virtuosi. Marbles and vases—paintings and medals—for something like a half million. I'll give you another chance.'

'Which I most heartily accept.'
'How much will you stake against it?'
'Whatever you may please to say.'
'No—I would rather you would speak.'
'Do you speak; I am the winner.'

'Double or quits, then'—what you have already won against the palace. Does it not seem to you, Sir Doria,' said Vivaldi, as the cards went round, 'that the lamps burn dimly!'

''Tis but the tiring of the eye;—shall we take breathing time?'

'By no means! but it seemed to me the lights grew pale. For the last five minutes the color of my cards—red, black, and white—have been dancing beneath my eye, and I can scarcely read their value. Your say, Doria.'

Doria spoke not, but played. In three turns, fate which had laid its clutch on Vivaldi, decided its utter ruin. Without a change of feature—a breath of emotion, he laid the golden key of the palace on the cloth, and calmly passed through the crowd, who stood mute and appalled spectators of the work of madness, which left him moneyless and houseless. None dared even address one word of condolence. Yet he traced his steps to the fatal table. What could he play for now? He went up to Doria and whispered him for a few moments with marked agitation. The latter made an affirming sign—the cards were resumed and dealt, and again dealt to the ruin of the victim.

'Are you the arch one!' shouted Vivaldi, striking his dagger—a splendid and jewelled bellini—through the scattered pack. 'Are you the devil, or leagued with him to win at every turn?'

'Neither, Signor Vivaldi; I prove the contrary—for the devil, they say, loves not women; and these cards have won your betrothed from your arms!'

'Doria, the devil damn thee for a dastard, for saying so!'

'And thou, Vivaldi, a hundred-fold a dastard be thou for staking her on a card!'

'Aglaura, his bride! the only scion of the time honored branch of the Calvacati, staked on a card; *Madonna Purissima!*' shrieked the bridal dames. 'Oh! that we should have lived to see the eagle of Germany hovering over *il Duomo*, and a felon knight sport away the noble daughter of a princely house!'

But Vivaldi seemed not to heed their frowns.—The one absorbing and devouring passion, ministered unto by despair, was fearfully busy at his heart. His hand released its hold of the rapier's hilt, which he had grasped when Doria threw back the dastard to him—and his voice came forthwith a lessening sound as he said—

'Silence! listen to me Doria. The vile dross of earth and a gem of purest ray, have I lost this night. But another treasure—an untouched, priceless treasure—have I yet to give to chance and to thee. I Francesco Roberto Vivaldi, linked with the most illustrious and princely strains of Italy—I, who claim ancestry with a governor of Trieste, a victor of Lepanto, and two doges of Venice—I, whose blood flows with the blood of the Magnates and Gonfaloniers of Florence—I repeat it, I Francesco Roberto Vivaldi, lord of Camaldoli and knight of the Holy Ghost, do play my name against thee!'

'His name!' shouted the knights and barons, princes and dukes, and Doria among the rest, with a peal of laughter. 'His name!'

'Ay a name! 'Tis well worth, I presume,' said he smiling bitterly, 'a few thousand acres of vines in Carrara; and the glory that halors it, I tell thee, Giuseppe Doria, is not to be bought by any sum which thou may'st command. I stake that name and if I lose, by the memory of my sainted mother, I swear that never shall Vivaldi answer it again.—'Tis inscribed in the book of life—written in gold in the registry of Venice—stamped in all the chivalric memories of Etruria. Well! let me lose it—and be it thenceforth erased from all human record and human recollection.

'A name!—is it meet that I should explain it to you, Sir Knights, who bear names, and proud ones too!—'Tis the social right vested by the Church, under the consecration of God himself;—'tis the first and earliest blessing of our forefathers—a symbol of their well-earned glory in after life, and the historical patrimony of the part which they have entered in the drama of the world,—'tis the chain which connects the past with the present—the present with the future—the link that binds the mouldering with the living, and the living with the coming generations;—'tis the sacred *majority* of blood—the concentrated virtue of a race, and its hereditary talisman against the touch of oblivion. The slave has no name, but that which he holds from the will of his master—the bastard, but the one which he claims from the pity of the world.—Be it a gift of heaven, or an alms of society, 'tis still the magic cement, without which all the successive deeds of a beings's life would dwindle away like the vile dust, which the winds sweep from your streets. A man's name—one of those that are embalmed in memory—it never falls upon the ear but it suddenly calls forth the living page of his story, and points to the living proof of his identity of evil or good, of virtue or of crime. 'Tis our number in the roll of life, to which, when called we must answer 'here!' Forget it—lose your right of answer, and every other right is equally lost.—The protection of the laws is but a dead letter to you—your life is a cheat—a lie—a usurpation—something that weighs uselessly, fraudulently on the face of the earth. You are the *paria* of society, from the hour that society hath no name to give you. Besides, not only is the human species continued through the virtue of a name—not only does it pass from the ancestor to the descendant, who transmits it to his posterity, but it is also carried to the day of doom, when time shall make room for eternity—space melt into infinity—and the archangel summon humanity from the grave.—Even there a name is the key of heaven and of hell—and should I lose mine, I should remain deaf to the archangel's voice, and be lost even to Satan himself,—the tomb will not yawn and heave me in upper air to meet the doom of God. Think well on it;—the whole of creation is in a name. Wipe away the sacrament of baptism; destroy the record of a name, and there is no history, no society, no futurity. The past becomes a dream—the world a chaos;—paradise is closed—damnation repels and nothingness engulfs us. A man's name is his life-blood and his soul. Many have bargained it to the arch enemy; mine will do worse, and suicide itself. 'Tis the only property, the title of which is indelibly stamped by Christ on the brow of man. That property—right and title—I play against you, Doria! What do you value it at?'

'So strange is your proposal, Vivaldi, that I know not how to meet it. As you have done to-night, money, palaces, kingdoms—even women—have been played for;—but a name?'

'Strange, or not strange—the question is not, whether the ware be precious or not; but whether it have a price. My name is that ware.'

'Allow me, Vivaldi, I know the use to which I destine the wealth you have lost—and the woman whom I have lawfully reconquered; but what shall I do with your name should I win it?'

'Is it nothing to compel me within the eternal damnation which I court in the sight of God? Nothing to underlie the scorn of man—the load of mockery to which I am self-doomed until the day that shall enable me to redeem that name? For, have I not said it? By all that's holy and awful in heaven, I swear never to bear or breathe that name! More—if I lose, it shall fall heedless on my ear nor find an echo on my lips to answer its call—Again I say, my name is my soul—and that I'll play for with you.'

'Indeed, Francesco, were it not for the violence of your speech, and the extent of your losses—were it not for the hope of giving you a chance of recovery—I would not deem myself bound to answer the madness of your infernal defiance.'

'You're a casuist, and I thank you for your kind scruples. But will you play or will you not! Once for all, what do you value my name at?'

'Too highly to set a price on it. If I win, I shall keep and wear it; if I lose, you shall tell me its worth.'

'Sit down, then, in God's name!' and he signed himself with the sign of the cross—'Mockery!'

While the cards were shuffling, the horror-stricken guests left the room, with one spontaneous movement; and the gamesters remained alone in the solemn immensity of the gorgeous hall. It was now twelve o'clock, and the candelabras emitted fitful flaws of flickering light, in the mistiness of which were lost the frescoed pannels, the iron statues, and the storied arras. On the right and left—on all sides—within the frame of the tall mirrors, forming a fantastic combination of countless heads, were reflected the wild and haggard features of the gamblers, intently crouching over the green cloth. The corresponding motions of their bodies, in the glasses, imaged a sacrilegious conclave, bent on a satanic deed; while the stillness of the night was occasionally relieved by the whisperings of the wind, the stirring of the leaves, and the rustling of the curtains, trembling before the opened casements, and flinging their vague shadow on a clump of trees, whose copes peered above the balcony—the mute inanimate and dark witnesses of a darker scene within! And on that fearful silence broke a wild and signal cry—

'I am damned!'—and a man left the city of Florence through San Gallo's gate.

* * * * *

'Twas on the break of day; and the morning twilight already harbingered the rising of the sun. From the gentle eminence on which the man stood, the country laid all around him like a world of vapors—the shadows of a dream. Ever and anon, flying or stationary, the bluish mists of morning brooded like a cowl, over the plain. Vaguely defined palaces, waving trees, and towering belfries cut off from the soil by the exhalations of the dews, seemed to rest on a ground of clouds, tinged by the faint blushes of the early light. But for the Palladian edifices—the work of superhuman art—the scene recalled the idea of the freshness and beauty of the unwrinkled world, springing from the darkness and confusion of chaos. Every object was waving in the distance:—baseless steeples and turrets—votive chapels and arrowy spires seemed gracely to dance, in the haze, to the warning sound of the morning Angelus. The foot of the hill was shrouded in a mass of thin fogs, extending to the far-off horizon, in one unbroken circle, dotted here and there, by clusters of poplars and larches. The murmurs of the breeze came redolent and perfume from the emanations of the wild rose bush and the mountain thyme; while its voice spoke joyfully and the melodies of nature abroad. Even in so holy and lovely a spot did the arch enemy tempt the Saviour of our kind. But *he* had nothing—not even a name—to give to Satan as a badge of the infernal covenant. Leaning against a withered tree, scathed by the lightning of heaven—an emblem of himself—a thing without a name—he buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

'Oh, my villa of Camaldoli, and its fruits, so rich and luscious that they graced the Pope's table alone—and my marble palace, with its hoards of science and art—Aglaura, my plighted one, with her passing beauties—and my name, my own good patrician name—all gone, and I am nothing! That I could, with my trusty blade, but snatch it from thee, Doria, again to clothe myself with its glories—trace it on the sand, though 'twere swept away the moment after—or even whisper it in my solitude and gloom! Away—no more, no more! When I played it off, I stripped myself of the right of bearing it again. The laws of gambling have deprived me of that right, and debts of honor are as sacred as the relics of San Pietra. The Pope himself hath no power over them. And, besides, have I not lost it in the eyes of the world? Will they not compel me to remain under the power of a wilful compact—the yoke of freely incurred chance? The world! They, no doubt, despise me! They forswore the apostate who has forsworn himself. I am viler in their eyes than the vilest Pagan. I have knowingly tempted God, and committed a sacrilege. My lust of gold has bartered away the immortal part of myself—the only thing of me that could not die and rot away with the flesh that wraps me. I have broken the alliance with my patron saint—my tutelar angel—my special guardian on earth and daily advocate in heaven. And if, in his ignorance, the child, with his soft voice, should prattle the mysterious syllables—to start at the sound were a disloyal act—to understand him a theft—to answer him a crime. Wo's me, in this world and in the next! The fiends themselves will shrink from my fellowship; for they, too, have a name in God's creation, and Satan is called Satan!'

Morning was now lining the verge of the horizon with its purple tints. The city of Florence began to loom through the brighter atmosphere. From the height on which he stood, he could easily distinguish the mass of monuments which grace *Firenze la Superba*, the city of poets and painters—of warriors and statesmen. With the return of light, the hum of the living floated over the city, and the keen shiverings of the blast brought to his ear the clang of trumpets, pealing their *reveillee* to the sleepers of the barracks. There he stood—like the god Terminus of his native land—leaning against the sapless tree, and wistfully gazing on the girl of the Appenines, merrily tripping to the market of San Lorenzo. The pyramids of fruit—the baskets of flowers—the dark, flashing eye of the *vilanelli*—the glossy ringlets, sporting about their cheeks—the gay carol of their mountain *quicharello*—the passing prayer, before the cross-stone, for a propitious market—these, and a hundred other causes, poured balm on the desolation of his heart. He addressed one of the girls, and smiling on her artless face, was about purchasing some of her flowers, when he heard—

'Sir Knight, if you buy a rose of Nina, you must take a pink from Marta, a stem of jessamine from Gloria, and a bunch of heart's-ease from Luigina; for Marta, Gloria and Luigina are my sisters, please you,' said Nina, courtesying to the Nameless.

'Hell and malediction! They all have a name, and are but vassals—the children of soil-bound hinds!'—and he rushed down the vale, like a madman, shouting—'Nina, Marta, Gloria, Luigina! And I—but yesterday the lord of a hundred serfs—nothing—no name!'

In his wanderings he reached the monastry of the *Fasti Minori*, and knocked at the gate. One of the brothers thrust his head out of the wicket-door, and inquired his wish.

'*Frate*,' said he, 'I want to be baptised!'
'You are an early stirrer in the cause.'
'Eternal salvation urges me!'
'What is your creed? Are you of the Giudecca?'
'No!'
'Are you a Pagan Turk?'
'No!'
'A Manichean—a heretic of Germany—a Lutheran, Calvinist, or Zuinglian?'
'No, no, no! I was born in the bosom of the holy catholic, apostolic and Roman church!'
'What more would you have, then?'
'I would be baptized a second time.'
'It may not be—'tis forbidden by the council of Trebizond—the *Decretalia Clementina*, and the bull; *Relapsi ne iterum baptizentur*.'
'But I have lost my name!'
'Find it again. The Angelus has just tolled—the *campanière* calls the brotherhood to mass—God help you!' and the monk closed the abbey-door on him.

'Am I, then, refused baptism? Divine mercy! Am I, then, no longer a Christian—a child of God? No, holy and awful eucharist—no Christmas festival, Easter, nor Pentecost! No blest taper to the *Madonna di Loretto*, when I shall be sick! No priestly prayers to soothe the wringing of my lone death-bed! Oh, Viv——' and the word died on his lips.

As he entered a village—depending on the manor of his sister, the duchess di Paglia—the curate said—

'God save you, Signor Roberto Vivaldi!'

His old nurse, looking out of the window of her lodge, cried at the top of her treble—

'The good day, and a blessing to thee, Vivaldi, *figlio mio!*'

The villager, standing on the threshold of his door, greeted him as he passed, with his—

'Welcome to Paglia, noble Lord Vivaldi!'

But he made no answer to priest, nurse or villager. He entered his sister's palace, and as he strode in silent despair through the hall, the menials shrunk from the marble paleness of his cheek, and the stony madness of his eye. Appalled by the distortion of his features, his sister clung to him, and inquired, with all the pertinacity of woman's devotedness, what had befallen him. He sunk into a chair, but no answer came from his lips. A nephew, whom he loved with almost parental fondness, ran into his arms and lisped—

'We've been waiting two days for thee, uncle Costa!'
'Filippino, dear,' said the mother, 'this isn't uncle Costa.'
''Tis cousin Cardoni then!'
'No, not cousin Cardoni, either.'
''Tis——but I'll ask him, sha'n't I, mamma? Tell me, uncle, tell me thy name, and Filippino will love thee!'

But he rose abruptly—hurled the child from his side, and rushed out of the palace. Neither peace nor rest did he know from that hour; utter, unassuaged despair clung to him wherever he went.—The vassal, as he passed by, muttered to himself—'He is less than I;—I am the slave, but he, he is the bastard of society. The very beggar spurned his charities with disdain—'For,' said he, whom shall I kneel and pray for before the shrine of our Lady of the Seven Woes?' The bandit, proud of a bloody name, trumpeted to the multitude by the voice of the executioner—walked to the scaffold, with a scornful smile, as he met the Nameless One—'For,' said he, too, 'he who would kill that shadow of a man, would but complete his suicide, and his murderer could not even be brought to justice.' There were no sacraments for him—no incense—no blessing—no offices of the dead—no indulgences, no paradise—no purgatory—no hell. The souls in limbo—the germs of creation, stifled in her growth—the very abortions of nature—undergo the law of original sin, and have a dwelling-place assigned them; yet he, full of vigor and of life, he had none! The thought crossed his mind, one day, that could he but command hoards of gold, Doria might take them for a name which availed him nothing. It came over him like an aspiration of heaven—a ray of hope to the doomed. He sought out a horde of those whose business is to level property and equalize the wealth of society. And a good idea it certainly was. His own native Italy was settled by robbers; and the first stones of Rome's foundations were cemented by the blood of fratricide. Conquest is but an embellishment and a consecration of theft. The world belongs to the daring, and God is with the strong; the rod of power is held out to the fearless—*e la mano la piu scaltra la raccoglie*.—With these feelings he went among the bandits of the Appenines.

'Who art thou? was the first question.
'A foe to mankind.'
'Then art thou *our* friend. What would'st have?'
'Carry ruin and desolation in the midst of peace and happiness—live the life of the highway and the forest—wait for my prey in the tangles of the woods—follow you to the pillage, and, if so be, to the scaffold; win gold with the daring of the outlaw; and, after having poured out the blood of the victim, eat my daily bread with my dagger's blade.'
'What next?'
'I wish to be a terror and a scourge to man; be called the lion, the tiger, the incendiary—whatever ye may please, so I but earn the baptism of daring and crime.'
'Thou shalt have it. What is thy name?'
'*My* name?'
'Ah, *thy* name! Does it wonder thee? Why I, who am now speaking, am *Il Terrible*; but St. Anthony is my patron, because I am called Antonio. My lieutenant, yon sweet bird of the gibbet, over there, is *Il Terremoto*; but his name is Michael, and he calls one St. Michael in his hour of need. Before thou can'st be a robber and a true man, thou must give us thy name, and tell us the saint whom thou worshipest.'
'Saint, I worship no longer.'
'Thou may'st not be one of us—'twould bring [illegible] Away, then, and leave the cave;—thou hast no name to be called by—no saint to call upon!'

He left the cave, and directed his steps to the city. Within the walls, one of the most daring bandits of the Abbruzzi was breaking alive on the wheel. He had already received the ten legal blows—the eleventh—the last, the complement of human kindness and human justice, the blow of mercy—was still withheld, and the executioner was conversing with the ministering friar, for the Nameless One neared the scaffold and asked the culprit for what crime he suffered.

'Seignor,' said he, in the reckless manner which had characterized his conduct during the execution, 'my time is but short—I suffer *rather* acutely—and what you wish to know is somewhat long and intricate. It may as well be told, however. I had friends, who went about hawking the exhibition—my son played the mantle and I acted the saint,—that is to say, I had no match in the country to snip a necklace of pearls from the holy Virgin, and sleight off the diamonds, which no ways became the fingers of San Roch, seeing he always was an humble and lowly-minded saint. One day—I can't help laughing, in spite of my shattered limbs—I whipped off the chalice from the altar, at the very moment of consecration, and carried it to the next tavern, full of Lachrymæ Christi, as it was and emptied it, with my *bella* and comrades, to the successful day. You have, maybe, heard of La Pinta? She was my love—a sublime, magnificent creature, when the juice of Orvieto fired her Neapolitan blood and blasphemy stood howling on her coral lips, *Poverina!* she is dead now—an awkward ball from one of the Sbirri's carbines, about the Pontine marshes, sent her to her reckoning—and I am now going to join her. Signore, *ici mi fara la finezza*—the hangman is waiting, and you will please to excuse me.'

'Well, but listen to me; dost thou believe in God?'
'Sometimes—it depends entirely ——'
'Dost thou believe in baptism?'
'No more than I believe in the courage of the brigadieri; not the least in the world.'
'Then thou shalt go into everlasting damnation!'
'*E vero!*' replied the wretch with a hyena laugh, 'I have been working for it ever since I rifled the shrine of San Genaro, and filched the diadem off the head of Santa Orsola di Bologna,—at least so says you fat, praying monk, who has been spitting Latin at me, by way of a salve for my broken bones and bleeding flesh.'
'Since thou believest not in baptism, sell me thy name, then.'
'What! sell you my name? *Sagrataccio!* And what can I do with the money *now*?'
'Not so much for the money. Do but sell me thy name, and thou wilt no more go into perdition than into bliss. All shall be smooth for thee hereafter; as if God's angels had interceded for thee—and thou had'st never been created and sent into the world.'
'Indeed! *Dove diavolo*, have you learned ——?'
'Thou shalt be dead to the devil, who shall call for thee in vain, from among the countless host of his chosen.'
'Thanks for the promise. But I am on fair terms with the gentleman. Friars and nuns have I killed by the dozen; I roasted a cardinal, in his own palace, as he was feasting with his *buona roba*; and compelled the holy Bishop of Viterbo, with my good Milan blade to his throat, to drain a flagon of Monte Fiascone, and swallow a fat ham on Good Friday. There will be ringing of bells in the place when I call at the gates; for there have I sent many a murmur of a priest, dyed in damnable sin, to tell of my coming! Now, if it please you, friar, drive this babbler away, and, executioner, do thou thy duty, and quickly too.'

Despairing of even being able to borrow a name from an ignominious scaffold, he wandered all day about the city. And great was his grief when he learned that a friend of his, whom he had served as a second in a duel, had been tried, condemned, and executed through the influence of a powerful family, and he could not go before the tribunal and acquit his memory, at least, by his declaration that everything had been done according to the laws of honour, because he had no character, no name, and stood the outlaw of society. He wished to leave Italy for Germany, and he asked for a passport at the frontiers. As no one could answer for his identity showing no name to make it good—he was tracked as a smuggler, a galley-slave, a fugitive from justice. A short time afterwards, he learned that Doria no longer went into the world by his family appellation, but bore his own lost patrician name—linked with dishonorable debts—fastened to the hurdle of an infamous reputation—disgraced in the eyes of all high thoughted men. Thus had that name of his, beautiful in its Gothic and not inglorious dust, been dragged forth and attenuated in some scandalous lawsuit. It had been blazoned throughout Italy—written in an attainting judgment and posted on the four corners of Tuscany, connected with a fraudulent bankruptcy. That name had been spent in debauchery—thrown out of manly repute—and dragged through the sewers of Florence. Venice had long erased it from the golden book, as an oversight of a copyist. In a tavern, in Leghorn, he learned from a Dutch skipper, that Doria was a counterfeiter, who escaped from the bagnios of Cattaro, to which he had been sentenced for five years, for slipping a card in an assembly of right reverend and wealthy prelates. And the damning conviction flashed across his mind, that the same process had stripped him of his palace, his mistress, and his name. And yet, stained and degraded as it was, he would have given the last fragment of life to redeem it from Doria. At last he understood that that very life was a contradiction—that nothing belonged to him, and that he belonged to nothing—that in throwing away his name, he had thrown away something more than existence—the mere common-stock property of the herd—that every step of his moved a living corpse and a nameless thing through the world; and that he was violating the tomb, from the moment that he had lost the right of life with the right of his name.

Goaded by one continuous thought of madness, he wandered night and day on the crests of the high rocks, on the margin of the turrets, the alluring depths of which he measured with a longing eye. Yet the dread of nothingness palsied his determination. He had a faint hold on hope, through life: he dared not kill the latter for fear of killing the former—for he believed strongly that there still could be, even in the midst of the fiery gulf, treasures of hope in the heart of the damned. Now, to quench his soul, abdicate the very wretchedness of life—lose his right of diving into the mysteries of future existence, and of seeing God, as the rest of mankind, though it were through the searing bars of the grates of hell—to be away from the splendours of the consummation of the world—a pageantry promised, from boyhood, to his belief of the separation of the wheat from the chaff, the pure from the impure, the blest from the doomed—these were things which he could not take upon himself to resolve by one wild, frenzied and irrevocable act. He understood that hell itself was comparatively good,—there, at least, the tenants have a habitation, a being, and a life, though a habitation of wo, a life of torments, and a being of eternity. Hence he would steal a few minutes of something like hope, from the resolves of despair, in the vain expectation of coming victory over the dark, cheerless, and self-imposed destiny which crushed him to the earth.—He came, at last, to a settled determination; but before following it with execution, he repaired once more to Florence—the city of his birth—the seat of his ancestral glories; for it is characteristic of suicide to summon the buried images of the past; rekindle the ashes of faded joys and withered hopes, before it comes to the great compromise between life and wretchedness, and death and peace.

* * * * *

The street was bright, though deserted. But there he stood, and there stood his palace, sparkling with lights, like some magic creation of the fairy cast. Within its princely halls, golden cups, smiling with the most savoury fruit of Tuscany, were handing round—and fiery drinks, and reeking perfumes. Women made up of silks and brocade, velvet and gold—with the swimming looks, the shameless shoulder, and the naked arm, flinging, as they danced, wimple and veil, bathed in voluptuous dew. And the slight waivings of the scarlet draperies, yielding to the sway of the winds, cast their mimic shadows, like the flames of a conflagration, over the silent street; while, gracefully defined in the mirrors which lined the room, like broken blades in the sunshine of a battlefield, were clustered the heads of dancers, drunk with desire, and glittering with gems. On all sides stood vases of flowers, and lamps that mocked the hues and the softness of the rainbow. Above the din of pleasure, rose the tinkling sound of gold rolling on the tables—joys and shouts, sarcasms and song—the chime of cymbals—the rattle of the tambourines, the braying of trombones—the crash of glasses, and the clatter of plates—the very air was drunk.—[illegible] and on the balconies were women, gazing on the stars of heaven; while they gave up their naked charms to the passionate kiss. There were intoxication, mirth, ruin, kisses and loves in the pageant—a very surfeiting of women and perfumes, of music and wine.

''Tis he!—'tis Doria, and Aglaura, too!' exclaimed the Nameless One, as he glared envy and revenge on a couple who flitted across the scene—'he has given her my name, with my lost hoards. Why cannot I go to him and tell him, 'There's gold for thee, Doria, but give me back my name, and let us be even! I feel it here, in my maddening brain—his life is linked with mine. If he go to the confines of earth, when I achieve my ransom, must I not go too! If he be pent in a dungeon—or rivetted to the bench of the galley-slave—if sickness nail him on the alms-house bed, or infamy to the pillory, must I not go to him—bend me to his ear, rattle his chains, or jerk his pallet, and tell him, Lord Doria, here am I come! For life, for death—for heaven, for hell—give me back my name, or, if not mine, give me thine, with its stains and its infamy. Be generous, and claim not a double share of heaven's joys—or rather be selfish, and shrink from a twofold deal of hell's torments.'

And when he had revelled awhile in his despair, he directed his steps to the Arno, and stood on its banks, contemplating the beauties of the night, and inhaling the freshness of the stream, that drifted a world of stars in its course. Drenched with the dew—worn out with lassitude—he was about stretching himself on its banks, when his ear caught the dashing of oars, and the dancing of gondolas, coming towards him, loaded with revellers and musicians. Along the banks a host of menials bore flaming torches, variegated lantherns, and garlands of flowers. The bridal feast had been adjourned to the river. He deemed it the mockery of a dream. This splendour midst the darkness of the night—this tumult midst the stillness of repose, wrought confusion in his feverish brain—and he concealed himself among the reeds, which whispered in the wind. He saw Aglaura, fairer than she ever had been, tottering beneath the weight of finery and gems. When all the groups had entered the wherries, which waited for them on the shore, and passed on, with their stream of music, their torches and their merriment, under the arches of the bridge, which seemed to ingulf them in its very jaws, he, still lurking in his hiding-place, heard two loud shrieks rolling through the calmness of the night. Nearing the spot whence they came, he saw a couple of men in full and precipitate flight. On the ground lay a murdered man. Seizing a lanthern which had been dropped in the flight, and throwing its glare on the face of man, who lay withering like a wounded snake, he knelt down by him and tried to scan his features. He wiped away the bloody froth and sand which bubbled on his lips, lifted the lidless and prinsied lid, which had dropped over the filmy eye, and exclaimed—

'Good God!—Doria!' and dying—for his eye is closed—his lips are ashen, and his veins are black; he is dying, and, with him, my lost name. Doria, my kind Doria! save me, I pray thee, save me from nothingness! give me my name. Hist! what does he say? His voice falters. Speak, dear Doria, speak! what would'st have? Would'st have me die with thee? Well, give it to me still! I will die, if thou requirest my death—but answer me—I adjure thee, answer me!'
'Water! give me water, for pity's sake!'
'The whole river, if thou wilt—but first my name, my father's name and mine!'
'Oh, for a little water! my lips are shrivelled, and hot iron sears my heart! Who art thou?'
'Who am I? Caitiff, swindler, but give me back my name, and then will I tell thee. Give it me for a drop of water—I'll open thy lips—the Arno flows at my feet—'tis but reaching out my hand. Nothing for nothing. My name, and thou shalt have water, plenty of water. My name, I say!'
'A drop—*one* drop of water—I choke—my tongue is parched!'
'Three words—but *three* words, good Doria—those which I was called on by my sainted mother,—speak them and thou shalt have any thing. Ha! the villain shakes his head—he laughs—he mocks me, and writhes to the stream! By heaven, thou shalt not. Answer me, wretch, or I'll choke out the minute of thy life—my name!'

And he shook Doria by the trimmings of his gorgeous dress—bent him over his wandering eye and breathless mouth; then dropped him to the ground, and clasped his hands, blending prayers with blasphemies, words of supplication with howls of rage. There was a minute's silence, and with a stream of blood—

'Water, water, for God's sake!' gurgled out of Doria's throat. 'Dead!'

Then did Vivaldi, with a demon's yell, and a fiendish, godless smile, raise his foot, and bury his heel in the dead man's breast.

'And now, Doria, be thou damned, and thy soul loaded with the curse of the Nameless One!'

On that morning, a fisherman, who was wending his way to Leghorn, heard a heavy plunge in the water. He made for the spot, but saw nothing save a large circle, increasing in its gyrations as it whirled away to either shore. To this day, in the dissecting room of the museum of Florence, the traveller sometimes looks musingly at a shining skeleton, kept in a glass case, and articulated with silver and brass. 'Tis the Nameless One's.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

AUTUMN.

What's the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer sweets,
Either in pasturing her fatlings, reaping
The crop of bread, rip'ning the fruits for food,
Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's jollities
Feed on them; I alone in every land,
Traffic my useful merchandize; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions are for my commodities
Mortgag'd and sold; I am chief moderator,
Between the cheek parch'd summer, and th' extremes
Of winter's tedious frost; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming spring:
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn.
Ford and Decker's Sun's Darling.

There is something which the senses recognise, and which affects the heart with tranquility in this period, just as striking to imagination as it is difficult to express. Nature appears to have exhausted all her energies in ripening the products of the year. A certain listlessness then enervates, and seems to possess the universal principle of things. It is impossible to look around us on this occasion without indulging correspondent sensations. A similar lassitude or relaxation pervades the human frame, tinctures the temper with melancholy, and hushes the heart into a calm. Composure and confidence seem the language or inspiration of the season. For every thing whispers in the sweetest accents, that the world is still under a government peculiarly mild and benign.

Every thing in the whole circle of the year having thus acted its part, the great concluding scene arrives, which realises the hopes of the husbandman, and crowns his labor with success. He has nothing now to apprehend from gnawing insects, noxious dews, parching heats, shaking winds, or rotting rains. Plenty of provision is laid up for man and beast; toil for the present is at an end, and the heart, no longer suspended between the different palpitations of uncertainty and expectation, relaxes into joy.—Thus gratitude, like all other natural propensities, operates sometimes instinctively. For enjoyment uniformly produces an agreeable mixture of transport and vivacity: and every species of gladness that originates from possession, ultimately refer to the GREAT BENEFACTOR of the Universe. In many cases the human heart seems to recognise the bounteous indulgence of Heaven, in the same manner that the vegetable and brute creation do the energy of Nature.—The tender buds, and shoots, and blossoms, which which adorn the fields and woods in spring, are not more spontaneous than such sensations of happiness, as the gratifications of appetite produce in animal, and the completion of desire in national natures. Food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, are attended with feelings corresponding, though inferior to those which the discovery of science produces in the speculative, or the accession of new excellence in the moral faculties. And we then act in concert with the general harmony of things, when the genuine ebullitions of a glad heart join the voluntary chorus of Nature, in solemn acknowledgments to that Great and Sovereign Principle of Benignity and Life, on whom we depend for whatever we can wish or enjoy. C. B. B.

From the Natchez Daily Courier.

The spirit of poetry and the spirit of patriotism are always ardent. In the writer of the following lines, they were enthusiastic; and the champion of liberty can hardly fail to experience a thrill on their perusal. CHARLES THEODORE KORNER, an officer in the celebrated "Lutzow Corps of Vengeance," was killed in the sanguinary battle of Leipsic, in August, 1813. A few hours before his death, which took place at the early age of 24, he composed the following lines; well designated

THE SWORD SONG.

Korner—Thou sword upon my belted vest,
What means thy glittering polished crest?
Thou seem'st within my glowing breast
To raise a flame— Hurrah!

Sword—A horseman brave, supports my blade;
The weapon for a freeman made,
For him I'll shine for him I'll wade
Through blood and death— Hurrah!

Korner—Yes, my good sword, behold me free;
I fond affection bear to thee,
As tho' thou wer't betrothed to me,
My earliest bride— Hurrah!

Sword—Soldier of fortune! I am thine,
For thee alone, my blade shall shine,
When, Soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Join'd in the field!— Hurrah!

Korner—Soon as our bridal morn shall rise,
While the shrill trumpet's summon flies,
And the red cannon rends the skies,
We'll join our hands— Hurrah!

Sword—O, sacred union! Haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay;
I long, my bridegroom, for the day,
To be thy bride— Hurrah!

Korner—Why cling'st thou, in the scabbard, why?
Thou true fair of Destiny,
So wild, so fond of battle-cry
Why cling'st thou so?— Hurrah!

Sword—I hold myself in dread reserve,
Fierce, fond in battle-field to serve,
The cause of freedom to preserve,
For this I wait— Hurrah!

Korner—Rest—still in narrow compass, rest;
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest;
Within my ardent grasp compress'd,
Ready for fight— Hurrah!

Sword—O, let me not too long await
I love the gory field of fate,
Where death's rich roses grow elate,
In bloody bloom— Hurrah!

Korner—Come forth, quick, from the scabbard fly,
Thou pleasure of a soldier's eye,
Now to the scene of slaughter hie,
Thy native home— Hurrah!

Sword—O glorious! thus, in nuptial tie,
To join beneath Heaven's canopy,
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky,
Glitters your bride— Hurrah!

Korner—Then out, thou messenger of strife,
Thou, German soldier's plighted wife,
Who feels not renovated life,
When clasping thee? Hurrah!

When in thy scabbard on my side,
I seldom glanced on thee, my bride,
Now Heaven hath bid us ne'er divide,
Forever joined— Hurrah!

Thee glowing, to my lips I'll press,
And all my ardent vows confess,
Oh! cursed be he, without redress,
Who thee forsakes— Hurrah!

Let joy set in thy polished eyes;
While radiant sparkles flashing rise,
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,
My bride of steel— Hurrah!

THE LAST WORDS.

Refresh me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet;
Shed not one silly tear.
But when mine eyes are set,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet
I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth
My life hath been the shadow of a dream
The joyousness of mirth
Did ever with me seem
My spirit hath no dearth,
But dwelt forever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in golden trance of never failing mirth.
"Touch me once more, my father, ere my hand
Have not answer for thee,—kiss my cheek
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak;
Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all uncovered and meek,
Wrapt in the snowy folds of funeral swathing band."

(From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.)

DOMESTIC USURPATIONS.

In the most of well regulated families, the husband, of course, is the person of most consequence. A wife, to be sure, is a wife, especially if she be a lady. But still there is in general so much depended upon the industry of the husband, and so much influence does he possess, like the House of Commons, by his command of the purse, that, if he gets any thing like fair play, he cannot fail to be regarded with much deference by all the other members of the household. To his convenience, or, as he would represent it, to the convenience of his profession, every domestic matter must be accommodated. He has the unquestionable right of dictating the meal hours. Servants must rise early or late, as he may choose to ring them up. The children must walk softly past his business room, if he has one; and Mrs. Balderstone must wait his time, before she can get his company for a walk. If there be any thing better than another at table, it must be devoted to him. Women can live on any thing—in fact, are not dining creatures at all; and whenever Monsieur is from home for a day, it may be observed that Madame contents herself with the simplest trifle in the way of dinner, trusting solely to her evening cup of tea. But a man *body*, as the Scotch house-wives say, is an entirely different thing. He must have something substantial—something nourishing and comforting; not only because he deserves it after his toils for the general interest, but in order that he may be able to continue those toils. In short, the first and best of every thing must be surrendered to him—the arm-chair by the fire in winter, the whole sofa for a loll in summer. If he comes home with any thing like damp feet, the whole house must fly to his rescue, and every thing be kept in a stir-still till he has 'changed' them. If he take any little illness, the alarm and commotion are extreme—for he is comparatively seldom ill, and much depends on his health. While he lives at home, all goes on well, notwithstanding the great trouble which wife, and servants, and every body acknowledge he occasions. But if he be absent, the dullness and emptiness, the perfect stand-still of every thing, gives the house so hapless an aspect, that all of them would far rather that he were at home. In short, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Balderstone is a troublesome, imperious, monopolizing, consequential, dear, delightful, indispensable person.

Masterful, however, as Monsieur may be in general, there is one contingency in married life which seldom fails to deprive him of his domestic sceptre. It is not that his wife rebels against his authority, or that his children rise, a fierce democracy, and attempt to chase him from his throne. The revolution is accomplished in an entirely different manner. Madame, in virtue of a critical species of illness, suddenly becomes invested with all that interest which had previously rested upon himself, together with ten times more, derived from the circumstances in which she is supposed to be placed; and all at once—in one hour, one little hour—he feels himself deposed from his high estate, as effectually as ever was Darius, King of the Persians. Yesterday, Monsieur was a man, a sovereign, a dictator; no one disputed his will or disobeyed his command; his very word was law; and there was nothing he wanted that was not sure to be at his elbow even before he had formed the wish. But to-day, what a sad change! The queen consort has suddenly become the queen-sovereign, and Mr. Balderstone, like another Peter III., is thrown aside, in order that she may reign in his stead. No one attends to him now. The servants, like ungrateful courtiers, have forsaken him, to pay homage to the usurper. He gets nothing that he wants; no one will take his order; and he dare not ring. By day he sneaks about the house like a condemned person, and at night he has to steal away with a paltry *dip*, stuck, without supporting paper, into an unclean candlestick, to hide his sorrows in some garret room, where a wretched third-rate bed has been prepared for him, as a favor of which he is hardly worthy. All the respect with which he was formerly regarded is now gone; he is not even allowed to be the Prince of Denmark. All interest, all reverence, all care and feeling, are concentrated upon Madame in the best bed room, and nothing remains for him but a grudged toleration of existence. Under such deplorable circumstances, he might, perhaps, have some consolation in the company of his elder children; but they, from the very commencement of the revolution, have been banished the house—cantoned out among aunts and cousins, at the rate of one to each, except in the case of Aunt Mary, a kind, worthy soul, who has been favored with the two youngest and the most troublesome. When he enters what he has been accustomed to consider his own house, the very errand girl, hired for a week only, will chide him for the noise he makes, and order him to take off his shoes. If he asks for his dinner, he is bustled into a side room half filled with lumber, all the better apartments being occupied with the pomp and circumstances of the usurpation, and there he has to wait in grim patience, till some one chooses to remember his wants, and after remembering, is pleased to think of relieving them. Almost every thing he does, every step he takes, and every word he utters, provokes some reproach from the powers that be; till he is at length fairly scolded and gloomed out of all spirit, and could almost wish that the day were blotted out of the calender when it was said that either a man-child or a woman-child, as the case may be, was born to him.

The usurpation, it may be well supposed, is more passive than active on the part of Madame. In all probability, however, she has constituted a regent in the shape of a mother, or a skilly neighbour, or some other female hypogriff, who is sure to sway the new authority with even a more uncompromising severity than could, under any circumstances, be expected from the original usurper. Awfully impressed with the importance of the occasion, this vice-queen moves solemnly but noiselessly through the house, taking care that every thing is disposed with a regard to the service and comfort of her constituent, and repressing, by the mere weight of her most tremendous countenance, the least rebellion of words, deeds, or things, against the one great cause. Monsieur, but yesterday perhaps, saw nothing in this lady but a kind relation or a good neighbour, and he might now be disposed to treat her accordingly. But in the brief space that has since elapsed, she has entirely changed her character. He now feels awed down by her presence, like some little boy before a right awful and deeply pinnered grandmother. Submittingly does he see every key surrendered into her hands, sees her assume unquestioned empire over the drawers and cupboards, and become sole dictatress of the bread and butter. It may be that there is occasional reason for blame, but that is of course out of the question. If he only can contrive now and then to get a meal or so, even although it should come to him with the wrong end foremost, he must consider himself well off. To get any thing like a share of one's own goods under such circumstances, is a fair subject of self gratulation, as when the people of a besieged city, by some desperate sally, can manage to take in a few of their own beeves or flour bags. If, besides the bare necessaries that are confusedly and unrespectfully thrust in upon him, he should obtain the least modicum of any favourite indulgence, he may consider himself most peculiarly fortunate: for it is a rigid rule of such provisional governments, that every thing of pleasant or good that the house can afford, is to be reserved for the lady, or, if not enjoyable by her, must at least be enjoyed by no other body, as if the enjoyments of others, while she was in her present condition, were privation to her, or, as it were, marks of a disregard for her distresses. As for getting hot water in the morning, or having his shoes brushed, or any other of these little services which in ordinary times are conceded to him as matters of course, he must take care never to dream of such things; for if he does, it will only be to awake to a painful sense of their utter unattainableness. Quite possibly, the powers below could serve him as usual without difficulty; but, secure from his anger, they deliberately refrain from doing so, and enjoy, for a couple of days, the delicious luxury of neglecting an habitual duty.

One of the most oppressive features in the system is its terrible silentness. Talk of quiet revolutions! there can be no revolution conducted with such quietness as this. From the first moment, when the knocker was tied and the bell gagged with a slip of white paper, there has reigned a silence only comparable to that of chaos. Every living being about the house seems to have suddenly become shod in velvet. In the sick room itself all things are conducted by gestures, like an academy of the deaf and dumb. A mysterious quiet woman, whom you never saw before, but who has been brought in as nurse, points to one of a distant range of phials, and as the servant who is sent for it makes a near approach, or the reverse, to the minute object wanted, the directress of the proceeding contorts her body and countenance in a greater or less degree, till at length, the girl having hit the right thing, she sinks down into the tranquillity of approval, and mildly waves it forward. The doors have instinctively ceased to creak, the cat to mew, the fire to buzz. The utmost noise ever heard is the silken *swoff* of the vice-regent, as she glides along the passages.—Strange communings are sometimes observed to take place at the door, between your own servants and those of your friends, who are now sent with complimentary inquiries, but not a syllable is ever heard. A long recital will be given without even an aspirate. Warm flannel will be telegraphed from bed-room to kitchen by a noiseless toss of the arm. Molly will be chid for letting the fire get low, by a dart of the eye. If you should yourself make a *knife*, a very *little* noise, the whole womankind of the establishment will pour upon you like a cataract of wild cats, but not a particle of noise all the time. You will be pummelled almost to death by a gesticulated scolding-match, and stabbed all over with daggers spoken thirty degrees below the zero of articulation.

Usurpations such as I have faintly attempted to describe, usually last about a week; great mercy they seldom occur oftener than once in a year, or they would form a truly grievous deduction from the happiness of life. It is curious to see how gradually, as Mrs. Balderstone gets better, and resigns the interest arising from her critical situation, Mr. B. shakes off the unwonted trammels in which he has been bound—shows a little less chicken-hearted under the authority of the Awful Woman, ventures to call one morning for hot water, and next day says something rather smart about the delay in producing his shoes—how, by slow and imperceptible degrees, he becomes re-invested with the respect to which he is entitled as head of the house, and is once more looked to by all and sundry as the important, money producing, indispensable person which he really is. At length he one day finds himself set down in his customary dining-room to something *like a dinner*, with even perhaps a consolatory something over and above his usual fare; and as he sips his first glass after the withdrawal of the cloth, he feels, with an exquisite gust of serene and self-flattering sensation, that—Richard's himself again!

—SUNDAY READING.—

A FEARFUL INTRODUCTION TO A SERMON.

There was a church—no matter where—that heaved up its arches and lengthened down its spacious aisles, for the accommodation of a large and wealthy audience. On a certain occasion, this church and the audience within it, presented one of the strangest and most fearful sights that ever met the human vision. It is related of one of the polar navigators, that he discovered a ship frozen up and embayed in the northern Artic ocean, with every soul on board frozen stiff at their various employments, in all the attitudes of seeming life.—Years had rolled away since the frost of death had congealed the blood in their veins, yet no decay had passed either upon their features or their forms. It was, in fact, an ancient ship's company, preserved in ice, awaiting the judgment. Such, in many particulars, was the scene presented by the audience in the church to which we allude.

Long ranks of well-dressed women and well dressed men were to be seen—still, hushed, immoveable. The plumes in their bonnets waved with the gentle zephyr; the glitter of rich apparel lent new radiance to the sun-beams that stole in at the lofty windows—yet there was an appalling hush in the great congregation. Not an eye rolled in their sockets; not a hand moved; not a heart beat there; not a sigh or a groan, or a tear or a smile gave evidence of human feeling, joy or agony.—Raised in the pulpit, the minister stood leaning in attitude of speech, as if he had a message of solemnity and power upon his tongue. His hand was lifted in sublime appeal to heaven; but, lo! there was no utterance; his eyes too were glazed. It was an unburied congregation, with its unburied minister. Passionless, deep and unbroken, were the slumbers that had fallen like a curtain of lead upon the hearts of all within the walls and dome of that sepulchral church. Pale expectants of judgment, they seemed to be, frozen up in their sins and in their virtues. More terrible were they than unsheeted ghosts, because soul and body both were revealed in the dread apparition. The storms of time seemed to be forever over; a hand, fearful as that which wrote upon the monarch's wall, had affixed the seal of deep and utter silence upon that once living mass of humanity.

Was this a natural or a moral view? It was a moral prospect. It was a congregation "dead in trespasses and sins." The spirit of God lent no efficiency to the means of grace. Dead was the pastor, and chill as "Borneo's cliff" the people.—*Mississippi Christian Herald.*

Death-Bed Repentance.—It has been my lot to witness the agonies of many a bed of death; but I have never witnessed one, where repentance has been delayed to the last hour, upon which the faintest ray of hope has beamed. There has been confidence—there has been self-righteousness—there have been ejaculations, and entreaties, and prayers—there has been an apparent trust in Christ, and sometimes even a desire to partake of his Sacrament—but notwithstanding all these appearances, there has never been that calm, well-grounded, spiritual consolation, by which alone in that hour the true christian can be distinguished. God forbid, that I should speak of these things, with any other view than to warn you my christian friends of the terrible danger of deferring your repentance for a single moment. Believe me, and it is from mournful experience that I speak—believe me, that a repentance begun in the hour of death, is of all human calculations the most hopeless and unsafe. It is relying upon a broken reed. It is trusting to the frailest thread. It is speaking peace to the soul when there is no peace.

A Thought.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, and in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and iron hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind; again the sound will come booming across the ocean of memory gloomy and solemn as a death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow, and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of a river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness. It is in moments like these that the pious mind rises from the sordid interests of this sublunary world and ascends to full communion with its maker. The past will flit across the memory, mournful and sweet, like the low and lingering tones of distant music; the present, like the rush of the mighty winds yet noiseless as the slumber of an unawakened echo; and the future spreads the soft and downy pillow of the tomb, when the spirit is to leave its tenement of clay and enter the portals that open to the felicity of an eternal immortality.

BLINDNESS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Blind!—Blind!—shut out from men!
Prisoned from light in a starless den!
I want, but I cannot see thee, love!
I look below—I look above
I stare the broad, bright, dazzling sun,
The glittering waves as they leap and run,
The shining cliffs, the burning shore,
But all is night—
Endless night—
For ever, and ever, and evermore.

What are the skies and the suns to me?
What is the mighty, mighty sea?
The rushing rivers—the solid land?
The blooming heather whereon we stand
And strive on the wondrous world to look?
All is now but a sealed book!
I struggle, I pray, I turn it o'er;
But all is night—
Endless night—
For ever, and ever, and evermore!

God! Am I alone in this world of wo?
Left—lost—forsaken!—ah, no!—ah no!
There is one beside who will ne'er forget
I see thee not, but I *feel* thee yet—
The truest heart and the firmest mind,
That ever kept watch by the helpless blind!
Thy hand unlocketh a heaven-bright door!
And the ghastly night
Now dieth in light,
For ever, and ever, and evermore!

We two will wander away—away—
Where nothing is known but one divine day;
Nothing of darkness—human strife,
Peril, or grief, or the pain of life;
But all like our dreams of the stars above—
(And thou wilt be ever beside me love!)
Come on, sweet bride of the blind we'll soar
Beyond the night
Into endless light,
For ever, and ever, and evermore!

Saturday Evening Post.

DECEMBER 10, 1836.

MESSAGE

FROM THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

To both Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the Second Session of the Twenty-Fourth Congress, December 6, 1836.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Addressing to you the last annual message, I shall ever present to the Congress of the United States, it is a source of the most heartfelt satisfaction to be able to congratulate you on the high state of prosperity which our beloved country has attained, with no causes at home or abroad to lessen the confidence with which we look to the future for continuing proofs of the capacity of our free institutions to produce all the fruits of good Government. The general condition of our affairs may well excite our national pride.

I cannot avoid congratulating you and my country, particularly, on the success of the efforts made during my administration by the Executive and Legislature, in conformity with the sincere, constant and earnest desire of the people, to maintain peace, and establish cordial relations with all foreign powers. Our gratitude is due to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and I invite you to unite with me in offering to Him fervent supplications, that his providential care may ever be extended to those who follow us, enabling them to avoid the dangers and the horrors of war, consistently with a just and indispensable regard to the rights and honour of our country. But, although the present state of our foreign affairs, standing, without important change, as they did when you separated in July last, is flattering in the extreme, I regret to say, that many questions of an interesting character at issue with other powers, are yet unadjusted. Amongst the most prominent of these is that of our Northeastern Boundary. With an undiminished confidence in the sincere desire of his Britannic Majesty's government to adjust that question, I am not yet in possession of the precise grounds upon which it proposes a satisfactory adjustment.

With France, our diplomatic relations have been resumed, and under circumstances which attest the disposition of both Governments to preserve a mutually beneficial intercourse, and foster those amicable feelings which are so strongly required by the true interests of the two countries. With Russia, Austria, Prussia, Naples, Sweden, and Denmark, the best understanding exists, and our commercial intercourse is gradually expanding itself with them. It is encouraged in all these countries, except Naples, by their mutually advantageous and liberal treaty stipulations with us.

The claims of our citizens on Portugal are admitted to be just, but provision for the payment of them has been unfortunately delayed by frequent political changes in that kingdom.

The blessings of peace have not been secured by Spain. Our connections with that country are on the best footing, with the exception of the burdens still imposed upon our commerce with her possessions out of Europe.

The claims of American citizens for losses sustained at the bombardment of Antwerp have been presented to the governments of Holland and Belgium, and will be pressed, in due season, to settlement.

With Brazil, and all our neighbours of this continent, we continue to maintain relations of amity and concord, extending our commerce with them as far as the resources of the people and the policy of their Governments will permit. The just and long standing claims of our citizens upon some of them, are yet sources of dissatisfaction and complaint. No danger is apprehended, however, that they will not be peacefully, although tardily, acknowledged and paid by all, unless the irritating effect of her struggle with Texas should unfortunately make our immediate neighbour, Mexico, an exception.

It is already known to you, by the correspondence between the two Governments, communicated at your last session, that our conduct in relation to that struggle is regulated by the same principles that governed us in the dispute between Spain and Mexico herself, and, I trust, that it will be found, on the most severe scrutiny, that our acts have strictly corresponded with our professions. That the inhabitants of the United States should feel strong prepossessions for the one party is not surprising. But this circumstance should, of itself, teach us great caution, lest it lead us into the great error of suffering public policy to be regulated by partiality or prejudice; and there are considerations connected with the possible result of this contest between the two parties, of so much delicacy and importance to the United States, that our character requires that we should neither anticipate events, nor attempt to control them. The known desire of the Texans to become a part of our system, although its gratification depends upon the reconcilement of various and conflicting interests, necessarily a work of time, and uncertain in itself, is calculated to expose our conduct to misconstruction in the eyes of the world. There are already those who, indifferent to principle themselves, and prone to suspect the want of it in others, charge us with ambitious designs and insidious policy.

You will perceive, by the accompanying documents, that the extraordinary mission from Mexico has been terminated, on the sole ground that the obligations of this Government to itself and to Mexico, under treaty stipulations, have compelled me to trust a discretionary authority to a high officer of our army, to advance into territory claimed as part of Texas, if necessary, to protect our own or the neighbouring frontier from Indian depredation. In the opinion of the Mexican functionary who has just left us, the honour of his country will be wounded by American soldiers entering, with the most amicable avowed purposes, upon ground from which the followers of his Government have been expelled, and over which there is at present no certainty of a serious effort on its part being made to re-establish its dominion. The departure of this Minister was the more singular, as he was apprized that the sufficiency of the causes assigned for the advance of our troops by the commanding General had been seriously doubted by me; and that there was every reason to suppose that the troops of the U. States—their commander having had time to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the information upon which they had been marched to Nacogdoches—would be either there in perfect accordance with the principles admitted to be just in his conferences with the Secretary of State, by the Mexican Minister himself, or were already withdrawn in consequence of the impressive warnings their commanding officer had received from the Department of War. It is hoped and believed that his Government will take a more dispassionate and just view of this subject, and not be disposed to construe a measure of justifiable precaution made necessary by its own inability, in execution of the stipulations of our treaty, to act upon the frontier, into an encroachment upon its rights or a stain upon its honor.

In the mean time, the ancient complaints of injustice, made on behalf of our citizens, are disregarded, and new causes of dissatisfaction have arisen, some of them of a character requiring prompt remonstrance, and ample and immediate redress. I trust, however, by tempering firmness with courtesy, and acting with great forbearance upon every incident that has occurred, or that may happen, to do and to obtain justice, and thus avoid the necessity of again bringing this subject to the view of Congress.

It is my duty to remind you, that no provision has been made to execute our treaty with Mexico for tracing the boundary line between the two countries. Whatever may be the prospect of Mexico being soon able to execute the treaty on its part, it is proper that we should be, in anticipation, prepared at all times to perform our obligations, without regard to the probable condition of those with whom we have contracted them.

The result of the confidential inquiries made into the condition and prospects of the newly declared Texan Government, will be communicated to you in the course of the session.

Commercial treaties, promising great advantages to our enterprising merchants and navigators, have been formed with the distant governments of Muscat and Siam. The ratifications have been exchanged, but have not reached the Department of State; copies of the treaties will be transmitted to you, if received before, or published, if arriving after, the close of the present session of Congress.

Nothing has occurred to interrupt the good understanding that has long existed with the Barbary Powers, nor to check the good will which is gradually growing up in our intercourse with the dominions of the Government of the distinguished Chief of the Ottoman Empire.

Information has been received at the Department of State, that a treaty with the Emperor of Morocco has just been negotiated, which, I hope, will be received in time to be laid before the Senate previous to the close of the session.

You will perceive, from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that the financial means of the country continue to keep pace with its improvements in all other respects. The receipts into the Treasury, during the present year, will amount to about $47,691,898; those from customs being estimated at $22,523,151; those from lands at about $24,000,000; and the residue from miscellaneous sources. The expenditures for all objects during the year, are estimated not to exceed $32,000,000, which will leave a balance in the Treasury for public purposes, on the 1st day of January next, of about $41,723,959. This sum, with the exception of five millions, will be transferred to the several states, in accordance with the provisions of the act regulating the deposites of the public money.

The unexpended balances of appropriation, on the 1st day of January next, are estimated at $14,636,062, exceeding by $9,105,683, the amount which will be left in the deposite banks, subject to the draft of the Treasurer of the United States, after the contemplated transfers to the several States are made. If, therefore, the future receipts should not be sufficient to meet these outstanding and future appropriations, there may be soon a necessity to use a portion of the funds deposited with the States.

The consequences apprehended, when the deposite act of the last session received a reluctant approval, have been measurably realized. Though an act merely for the deposite of the surplus moneys of the United States in the State Treasury for safe keeping, until they may be wanted for the service of the General Government, it has been extensively spoken of as an act to give the money to the several states, and they have been advised to use it as a gift, without regard to the means of refunding it when called for. Such a suggestion has doubtless been made without a due consideration of the obligation of the deposite act, and without a proper attention to the various principles and interests which are affected by it. It is manifest that the law itself cannot sanction such a suggestion, and that, as it now stands, the States have no more authority to receive and use these deposites, without intending to return them, than any deposite bank, or any individual temporarily charged with the safe keeping or application of the public money, would now have for converting the same to their private use, without the consent and against the will of the Government. But, independently of the obligation of public faith and moral obligation which are involved in the engagement, when examined in reference to the terms of the present deposite act, it is believed that the considerations which should govern the future legislation of Congress on this subject, will be equally conclusive against the adoption of any measure recognising the principles on which the suggestion has been made.

Considering the intimate connection of the subject with the financial interests of the country, and its great importance in whatever aspect it can be viewed, I have bestowed upon it, the most anxious reflection, and feel it to be my duty to state to Congress such thoughts as have occurred to me, to aid their deliberation in treating it in the manner best calculated to conduce to the common good.

The experience of other nations admonishes us to hasten the extinguishment of the public debt. But it will be in vain that we have congratulated each other upon the disappearance of this evil, if we do not guard against the equally great one of promoting the unnecessary accumulation of public revenue. No political maxim is better established than that which tells us that an improvident expenditure of money is the parent of profligacy, and that no people can hope to perpetuate their liberties who long acquiesce in a policy which taxes them for objects not necessary to the legitimate and real wants of their Government. Flattering as is the condition of our country at the present period, because of its unexampled advance in all the steps of social and political improvement, it cannot be disguised that there is a lurking danger already apparent in the neglect of this warning truth, and that the time has arrived when the representatives of the people should be employed in devising some more appropriate remedy than now exists, to avert it.

Under our present revenue system, there is every probability that there will continue to be a surplus beyond the wants of the Government; and it has become our duty to decide whether such a result be consistent with the true objects of our Government.

Should a surplus be permitted to accumulate, beyond the appropriations, it must be retained in the Treasury as it now is, or distributed among the people or the States.

To retain it in the Treasury, unemployed in any way, is impracticable. It is, besides, against the genius of our free institutions to lock up in vaults the treasure of the nation. To take from the people the right of bearing arms, and put their weapons of defence in the hands of a standing army, would be scarcely more dangerous to their liberties than to permit the Government to accumulate immense amounts of treasure beyond the supplies necessary to its legitimate wants. Such a treasure would doubtless be employed, at some time, as it has been in other countries, when opportunity tempted ambition.

To collect it merely for distribution to the states, would seem to be highly impolitic, if not as dangerous as the proposition to retain it in the Treasury. The shortest reflection must satisfy every one that to require the people to pay taxes to the Government merely that they may be paid back again, is sporting with the substantial interests of the country, and no system which produces such a result can be expected to receive the public countenance. Nothing could be gained by it, even if each individual who contributed a portion of the tax could receive back promptly the same portion. But it is apparent that no system of the kind can ever be enforced, which will not absorb a considerable portion of the money, to be distributed in salaries and commissions to the agents employed in the process, and the various losses and depreciations which arise from other causes; and the practical effect of such an attempt, must ever be to burden the people with taxes, not for purposes beneficial to them, but to swell the profits of deposite banks, and support a band of useless public officers.

A distribution to the people is impracticable and unjust in other respects. It would be taking one man's property and giving it to another. Such would be the unavoidable result of a rule of equality (and none other is spoken of, or would be likely to be adopted) inasmuch as there is no mode by which the amount of the individual contributions of our citizens to the public revenue can be ascertained. We know that they contribute unequally, and a rule therefore that would distribute to them equally, would be liable to all the objections which apply to the principle of an equal division of property. To make the General Government the instrument of carrying this odious principle into effect, would be at once to destroy the means of its usefulness, and change the character designed for it by the framers of the constitution.

But the more extended and injurious consequences likely to result from a policy which would collect a surplus revenue for the purpose of distributing it, may be forcibly illustrated by an examination of the effects already produced by the present deposite act. This act, although certainly designed to secure the safe keeping of the public revenue, is not entirely free in its tendencies from many of the objections which apply to this principle of distribution. The Government had, without necessity, received from the people a large surplus, which, instead of being employed as heretofore, and returned to them by means of the public expenditure, was deposited with sundry banks. The banks proceeded to make loans upon this surplus, and thus converted it into banking capital; and in this manner it has tended to multiply bank charters, and has had a great agency in producing a spirit of wild speculation. The possession and use of the property out of which this surplus was created, belonged to the people, but the Government has transferred its possession to incorporated banks, whose interest and effort it is to make large profits out of its use. This process need only be stated to show its injustice and bad policy.

And the same observations apply to the influence which is produced by the steps necessary to collect, as well as to distribute such a revenue. About three-fifths of all the duties on imports are paid in the city of New York, but it is obvious that the means to pay those duties are drawn from every quarter of the Union. Every citizen in every State, who purchases and consumes an article which has paid a duty at that port, contributes to the accumulating mass. The surplus collected there must, therefore, be made up of moneys or property withdrawn from other points and other States. Thus the wealth and business of every region from which these surplus funds proceed, must be to some extent injured, while that of the place where the funds are concentrated, and are employed in banking, are proportionably extended. But both in making the transfer of the funds which are first necessary to pay the duties and collect the surplus—and in making the re-transfer, which becomes necessary when the time arrives for the distribution of that surplus—there is a considerable period when the funds cannot be brought into use; and it is manifest that, besides the loss inevitable from such an operation, its tendency is to produce fluctuations in the business of the country, which are always productive of speculation, and detrimental to the interests of regular trade. Argument can scarcely be necessary to show that a measure of this character ought not to receive further legislative encouragement.

By examining the practical operation of the ratio for distribution, adopted in the deposite bill of the last session, we shall discover other features, that appear equally objectionable. Let it be assumed, for the sake of argument, that the surplus moneys to be deposited with the States have been collected, and belong to them, in the ratio of their federal representative population—an assumption founded upon the fact that any deficiencies in our future revenue from imposts and public lands, must be made up by direct taxes, collected from the States in that ratio. It is proposed to distribute the surplus, say 30,000,000, not according to the ratio in which it has been collected and belongs to the people of the States, but in that of their votes in the colleges of electors of President and Vice President. The effect of a distribution upon that ratio is shown by the annexed table, marked A.

By an examination of that table, it will be perceived that in the distribution of a surplus of 30,000,000 dollars, upon that basis, there is a great departure from the principle which regards representation as the true measure of taxation; and it will be found that the tendency of that departure will be to increase whatever inequalities have been supposed to attend the operation of our federal system in respect to its bearings upon the different interests of the union.

In making the basis of representation the basis of taxation, the framers of the constitution intended to equalize the burdens which are necessary to support the government; and the adoption of that ratio, while it accomplished this object, was also the means of adjusting other great topics arising out of the conflicting views respecting the political equality of the various members of the confederacy. Whatever, therefore, disturbs the liberal spirit of the compromises which established a rule of taxation so just and equitable, and which experience has proved to be so well adapted to the genius and habits of our people, should be received with the greatest caution and distrust.

A bare inspection, in the annexed table, of the differences produced by the ratio used in the deposite act, compared with the results of a distribution according to the ratio of direct taxation, must satisfy every unprejudiced mind, that the former ratio contravenes the spirit of the constitution, and produces a degree of injustice in the operation of the Federal Government which would be fatal to the hope of perpetuating it. By the ratio of direct taxation, for example, the State of Delaware, in the collection of $30,000,000 of revenue, would pay into the Treasury $188,716; and in a distribution of $30,000,000 she would receive back from the Government, according to the ratio of the deposite bill, the sum of $306,122; and similar results would follow the comparison between the small and the large States throughout the union; thus realizing to the small States an advantage which would be doubtless as unacceptable to them as a motive for incorporating the principle in any system which would produce it, as it would be inconsistent with the rights and expectations of the large States. It was certainly the intention of that provision of the constitution which declares that "all duties, imposts and excises" shall "be uniform throughout the U. States," to make the burdens of taxation fall equally upon the people in whatever State of the union they may reside. But what would be the value of such an uniform rule if the moneys raised by it could be immediately returned by a different one which will give to the people of some States much more, and to those of others much less, than their fair proportions? Were the Federal Government to exempt, in express terms, the imports, products, and manufactures of some portions of the country from all duties, while it imposed heavy ones on others, the injustice could not be greater.

It would be easy to show how, by the operation of such a principle, the large States of the union would not only have to contribute their just share towards the support of the Federal Government, but also to have to bear in some degree the taxes necessary to support the Governments of their smaller sisters; but it is deemed unnecessary to state the details where the general principle is so obvious.

A system liable to such objections can never be supposed to have been sanctioned by the framers of the constitution, when they conferred on Congress the taxing power; and I feel persuaded that a mature examination of the subject will satisfy every one that there are insurmountable difficulties in the operation of any plan which can be devised of collecting revenue for the purpose of distributing it. Congress is only authorized to levy taxes "to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." There is no such provision as would authorize Congress to collect together the property of the country, under the name of revenue, for the purpose of dividing it equally or unequally among the States or the people. Indeed, it is not probable that such an idea ever occurred to the States when they adopted the constitution. But, however this may be, the only safe rule for us in interpreting the powers granted to the Federal Government, is to regard the absence of express authority to touch a subject so important and delicate as this is, as equivalent to a prohibition.

Even if our powers were less doubtful in this respect, as the constitution now stands, there are considerations afforded by recent experience, which would seem to make it our duty to avoid a resort to such a system.

All will admit that the simplicity and economy of the State Governments, mainly depend on the fact that money has to be supplied to support them by the same men, or their agents, who vote it away in appropriations. Hence, when there are extravagant and wasteful appropriations, there must be a corresponding increase of taxes; and the people, becoming awakened, will necessarily scrutinize the character of measures which thus increase their burdens.—By the watchful eye of self-interest, the agents of the people in the State Governments are repressed, and kept within the limits of a just economy. But if the necessity of levying the taxes be taken from those who make their appropriations, and thrown upon a more distant and less responsible set of public agents, who have power to approach the people by an indirect and stealthy taxation, there is reason to fear that prodigality will soon supersede those characteristics which have thus far made us look with so much pride and confidence to the State Governments, as the mainstay of our union and liberties. The State Legislatures, instead of studying to restrict their state expenditures to the smallest possible sum, will claim credit for their profusion, and harass the General Government for increased supplies. Practically, there would soon be but one taxing power, and that vested in a body of men far removed from the people in which the farming and mechanic interests would scarcely be represented. The states would gradually lose their purity as well as their independence; they would not dare to murmur at the proceedings of the General Government, lest they should lose their supplies; all would be merged in a practical consolidation, cemented by wide spread corruption, which could only be eradicated by one of those bloody revolutions which occasionally overthrow the despotic systems of the old world.

In all the other aspects in which I have been able to look at the effect of such a principle of distribution upon the best interests of the country, I can see nothing to compensate for the disadvantages to which I have adverted. If we consider the protective duties, which are, in a great degree, the source of the surplus revenue, beneficial to one section of the Union, and prejudicial to another, there is no corrective for the evil in such a plan of distribution. On the contrary, there is reason to fear that all the complaints which have sprung from this cause, would be aggravated. Every one must be sensible that a distribution of the surplus must beget a disposition to cherish the means which create it; and any system, therefore, into which it enters, must have a powerful tendency to increase, rather than diminish the tariff. If it were even admitted that the advantages of such a system could be made equal to all the sections of the Union, the reasons already so urgently calling for a reduction of the revenue, would nevertheless lose none of their force; for it will always be improbable that an intelligent and virtuous community can consent to raise a surplus for the mere purpose of dividing it, diminished as it must inevitably be by the expenses of the various machinery necessary to the process.

The safest and simplest mode of obviating all the difficulties which have been mentioned, is to collect only revenue enough to meet the wants of the Government, and let the people keep the balance of their property in their own hands, to be used for their own profit. Each State will then support its own Government, and contribute its due share towards the support of the General Government. There would be no surplus to cramp and lessen the resources of individual wealth and enterprise, and the banks would be left to their ordinary means.—Whatever agitations and fluctuations might arise from our unfortunate paper system, they could never be attributed, justly or unjustly, to the action of the Federal Government. There would be some guaranty that the spirit of wild speculation, which seeks to convert the surplus revenue into banking capital, would be effectually checked, and that the scenes of demoralization, which are now so prevalent through the land, would disappear.

Without desiring to conceal that the experience and observations of the last two years, have operated a partial change in my views upon this interesting subject, it is nevertheless regretted that the suggestions made by me in my annual messages of 1829 and 1830, have been greatly misunderstood. At that time, the great struggle was begun against that latitudinarian construction of the constitution, which authorizes the unlimited appropriation of the revenues of the Union to internal improvements within the States tending to invest in the hands, and place under the control, of the General Government, all the principal roads and canals of the country, in violation of state rights, and in derogation of state authority. At the same time, the condition of the manufacturing interest was such as to create an apprehension that the duties on imports could not, without extensive mischief, be reduced in season to prevent the accumulation of a considerable surplus after the payment of the national debt. In view of the dangers of such a surplus, and in preference to its application to internal improvements, in derogation of the rights and powers of the states, the suggestion of an amendment of the constitution to authorize its distribution was made. It was an alternative for what were deemed greater evils—a temporary resort to relieve an overburdened Treasury until the Government could, without a sudden and destructive revulsion in the business of the country, gradually return to the just principle of raising no more revenue from the people, in taxes, than is necessary for its economical support. Even that alternative was not spoken of but in connection with an amendment of the constitution. No temporary inconvenience can justify the exercise of a prohibited power, or a power not granted by that instrument; and it was from a conviction that the power to distribute even a temporary surplus of revenue is of that character, that it was suggested only in connection with an appeal to the source of all legal power in the General Government, the States which have established it.

No such appeal has been taken, and in my opinion a distribution of the surplus revenue by Congress, either to the States or the people, is to be considered as among the prohibitions of the constitution. As already intimated, my views have undergone a change, so far as to be convinced that no alteration of the constitution in this respect is wise or expedient. The influence of an accumulating surplus upon the legislation of the General Government and the States, its effects upon the credit system of the country, producing dangerous extensions and ruinous contractions, fluctuations in the price of property, rash speculation, idleness, extravagance, and a deterioration of morals, have taught us the important lesson, that any transient mischief which may attend the reduction of our revenue to the wants of our Government, is to be borne in preference to an overflowing Treasury.

I beg leave to call your attention to another subject intimately associated with the preceding one—the currency of the country.

It is apparent, from the whole context of the constitution, as well as the history of the times which gave birth to it, that it was the purpose of the convention to establish a currency consisting of the precious metals. These, from their peculiar properties, which rendered them the standard of value in all other countries, were adopted in this, as well to establish its commercial standard in reference to foreign countries by a permanent rule, as to exclude the use of a mutable medium of exchange, such as of certain agricultural commodities, recognized by the statutes of some States as a tender for debts, or the still more pernicious expedient of a paper currency. The last, from the experience of the evils of the issues of paper during the revolution, had become so justly obnoxious as not only to suggest the clause in the constitution forbidding the emission of bills of credit by the states, but also to produce that vote in the convention which negatived the proposition to grant power to Congress to charter corporations—a proposition well understood at the time, as intended to authorize the establishment of a national bank, which was to issue a currency of bank notes, on a capital to be created to some extent out of government stocks. Although this proposition was refused by a direct vote of the convention, the object was afterwards in effect obtained, by its ingenious advocates, through a strained construction of the constitution. The debts of the revolution were funded at prices which formed no equivalent compared with the nominal amount of the stock, and under circumstances which exposed the motives of some of those who participated in the passage of the act to distrust.

The facts that the value of the stock was greatly enhanced by the creation of the bank, that it was well understood that such would be the case, and that some of the advocates of the measure were largely benefited by it, belong to the history of the times, and are well calculated to diminish the respect which might otherwise have been due to the action of the Congress which created the institution.

On the establishment of a national bank, it became the interest of its creditors, that gold should be superseded by the paper of the bank, as a general currency. A value was soon attached to the gold coins which made their exportation to foreign countries, as a mercantile commodity, more profitable than their retention and use at home as money. It followed, as a matter of course, if not designed by those who established the bank, that the bank became in effect, a substitute for the mint of the United States.

Such was the origin of a national bank currency, and such the beginning of those difficulties which now appear in the excessive issues of the banks incorporated by the various states.

Although it may not be possible, by any legislative means within our power, to change at once the system which has thus been introduced, and has received the acquiescence of all portions of the country, it is certainly our duty to do all that is consistent with our constitutional obligations in preventing the mischiefs which are threatened by its undue extension. That the efforts of the fathers of our Government to guard against it by a constitutional provision, were founded on an intimate knowledge of the subject, has been frequently attested by the bitter experience of the country. The same causes which led them to refuse their sanction to a power authorizing the establishment of incorporations for banking purposes, now exist in a much stronger degree to urge us to exert the utmost vigilance in calling into action the means necessary to correct the evils resulting from the unfortunate exercise of the power, and it is to be hoped that the opportunity for effecting this great good will be improved before the country witnesses new scenes of embarrassment and distress.

Variableness must ever be the characteristic of a currency, of which the precious metals are not the chief ingredient, or which can be expanded or contracted without regard to the principles that regulate the value of those metals as a standard in the general trade of the world. With us bank issues constitute such a currency, and must ever do so until they are made dependent on those just proportions of gold and silver as a circulating medium, which experience has proved to be necessary, not only in this, but in all other commercial countries. Where those proportions are not infused into the circulation, and do not control it, it is manifest that prices must vary according to the tide of bank issues, and the value and stability of property must stand exposed to all the uncertainty which attends the administration of institutions that are constantly liable to the temptation of an interest distinct from that of the community in which they are established.

The progress of an expansion, or rather a depreciation of the currency, by excessive bank issues, is always attended by a loss to the laboring classes. This portion of the community have neither time nor opportunity to watch the ebbs and flows of the money market. Engaged from day to day in their useful toils, they do not perceive that although their wages are nominally the same, or even somewhat higher, they are greatly reduced in fact by the rapid increase of a spurious currency, which, as it appears to make money abound, they are at first induced to consider a blessing. It is not so with the speculator, by whom this operation is better understood, and is made to contribute to his advantage. It is not until the prices of the necessaries of life become so dear that the labouring classes cannot supply their wants out of their wages, that the wages rise, and gradually reach a justly proportioned rate to that of the products of their labour. When thus by the depreciation in consequence of the quantity of paper in circulation, wages as well as prices become exorbitant, it is soon found that the whole effect of the adulteration is a tariff on our home industry for the benefit of the countries where gold and silver circulate, and maintain uniformity and moderation in prices. It is then perceived that the enhancement of the price of land and labour produces a corresponding increase in the price of products, until these products do not sustain a competition with similar ones in other countries, and thus both manufactured and agricultural productions cease to bear exportation from the country of the spurious currency, because they cannot be sold for cost. This is the process by which specie is banished by the paper of the banks. Their vaults are soon exhausted to pay for foreign commodities; the next step is a stoppage of specie payment; a total degradation of paper as a currency; unusual depression of prices; the ruin of debtors, and the accumulation of property in the hands of creditors and cautious capitalists.

It was in view of these evils, together with the dangerous power wielded by the Bank of the United States, and its repugnance to our Constitution, that I was induced to exert the power conferred upon me by the American people, to prevent the continuance of that institution.—But, although various dangers to our republican institutions have been obviated by the failure of that Bank to extort from the Government a renewal of its charter, it is obvious that little has been accomplished, except a salutary change of public opinion, towards restoring to the country the sound currency provided for in the Constitution. In the acts of several of the States, prohibiting the circulation of small notes, and the auxiliary enactments of Congress at the last session, forbidding their reception or payment on public account, the true policy of the country has been advanced, and a large portion of the precious metals infused into our circulating medium. These measures will probably be followed up in due time, by the enactment of State laws, banishing from circulation bank notes of still higher denominations; and the object may be materially promoted by further acts of Congress, forbidding the employment, as fiscal agents, of such banks as continue to issue notes of low denominations, and throw impediments in the way of the circulation of gold and silver.

The effects of an extension of bank credits and over issue of bank paper, have been strikingly illustrated in the sales of the public lands. From the returns made by the various Registers and Receivers in the early part of last summer, it was perceived that the receipts arising from the sales of public lands were increasing to an unprecedented amount. In effect, however, these receipts amounted to nothing more than credits in banks. The banks lent out their notes to speculators, they were paid to the Receivers, and immediately returned to the banks, to be lent out again and again, being mere instruments to transfer to speculators the most valuable public land, and pay the Government by a credit on the books of the bank. Those credits on the books of some of the western banks, usually called deposites, were already greatly beyond their immediate means of payment, and were rapidly increasing. Indeed each speculation furnished means for another; for no sooner had one individual or company paid in the notes, than they were immediately lent to another for a like purpose, and the banks were extending their business and their issue so largely, as to alarm considerate men, and render it doubtful whether these bank credits, if permitted to accumulate, would ultimately be of the least value to the Government. The spirit of expansion and speculation was not confined to the deposite banks but pervaded the whole multitude of banks throughout the Union, and was giving rise to new institutions to aggravate the evil.

The safety of the public funds, and the interest of the people generally, required that these operations should be checked; and it became the duty of every branch of the General and State Governments to adopt all legitimate and proper means to produce that salutary effect. Under this view of my duty, I directed the issuing of the order which will be laid before you by the Secretary of the Treasury, requiring payment for the public lands sold to be made in specie, with an exception until the 15th of the present month, in favor of actual settlers. This measure has produced many salutary consequences. It checked the career of the western banks, and gave them additional strength in anticipation of the pressure which has since pervaded our eastern as well as the European commercial cities. By preventing the extension of the credit system, it measurably cut off the means of speculation, and retarded its progress in monopolizing the most valuable of the public lands. It has tended to save the new States from a non-resident proprietorship, one of the greatest obstacles to the advancement of a new country and the prosperity of an old one. It has tended to keep open the public lands for entry by emigrants at Government prices, instead of their being compelled to purchase of speculators at double or treble prices. And it is conveying into the interior large sums in silver and gold, there to enter permanently into the currency of the country, and place it on a firmer foundation. It is confidently believed that the country will find in the motives which induced that order, and the happy consequences which will have ensued, much to commend and nothing to condemn.

It remains for Congress, if they approve the policy which dictated this order, to follow it up in its various bearings. Much good, in my judgment, would be produced by prohibiting sales of the public lands, except to actual settlers, at a reasonable reduction of price, and to limit the quantity which shall be sold to them. Although it is believed the General Government never ought to receive any thing but the constitutional currency in exchange for the public lands, that point would be of less importance if the lands were sold for immediate settlement and cultivation. Indeed, there is scarcely a mischief arising out of our present land system, including the accumulating surplus of revenue, which would not be remedied at once by a restriction on land sales to actual settlers; and it promises other advantages to the country in general, and to the new States in particular, which cannot fail to receive the most profound consideration of Congress.

Experience continues to realize the expectations entertained as to the capacity of the State Banks to perform the duties of fiscal agents for the Government, at the time of the removal of the deposites. It was alleged by the advocates of the Bank of the United States that the State banks, whatever might be the regulations of the Treasury Department, could not make the transfers required by the Government, or negotiate the domestic exchanges of the country.—It is now well ascertained that the real domestic exchanges performed, through discounts, by the U. States Bank and its twenty-five branches, were at least one third less than those of the deposite banks for an equal period of time; and if a comparison be instituted between the amounts of service rendered by these institutions, on the broader basis which has been used by the advocates of the United States Bank in estimating what they consider the domestic exchanges transacted by it, the result will be still more favorable to the deposite banks.

The whole amount of public money transferred by the Bank of the United States in 1832, was $16,000,000. The amount transferred and actually paid by the deposite banks in the year ending the first of October last was $39,319,899; the amount transferred and paid between that period and the sixth of November, was $5,399,000; and the amount of transfer warrants outstanding on that day was $14,450,000, making an aggregate of $59,168,894. These enormous sums of money first mentioned have been transferred with the greatest promptitude and regularity, and the rates at which the exchanges have been negotiated previously to the passage of the deposite act, were generally below those charged by the Bank of the United States. Independently of the services which are far greater than those rendered by the United States Bank, and its twenty-five branches, a number of the deposite banks have, with a commendable zeal to aid in the improvement of the currency, imported from abroad, at their own expense, large sums of the precious metals, for coinage and circulation.

In the same manner have nearly all the predictions turned out in respect to the effect of the removal of the deposites—a step unquestionably necessary, to prevent the evils which it was foreseen the bank itself would endeavor to create, in a final struggle to procure a renewal of its charter. It may be thus, too, in some degree, with the further steps which may be taken to prevent the excessive issue of other bank paper; but it is to be hoped that nothing will now deter the Federal and State authorities from the firm and vigorous performance of their duties to themselves and to the people in this respect.

In reducing the revenue to the wants of the Government, your particular attention is invited to those articles which constitute the necessaries of life. The duty on salt was laid as a war tax, and was no doubt continued to assist in providing for the payment of the war debt. There is no article the release of which from taxation would be felt so generally and so beneficially.—To this may be added all kinds of fuel and provisions. Justice and benevolence unite in favor of relieving the poor of our cities from burdens which are not necessary to the support of our Government, and tend only to increase the wants of the destitute.

It will be seen by the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the accompanying documents, that the Bank of the United States has made no payment on account of the stock held by the Government in that institution, although urged to pay any portion which might suit its convenience, and that it has given no information when payment may be expected. Nor, although repeatedly requested, has it furnished the information in relation to its condition, which congress authorised the Secretary to collect at their last session; such measures as are within the power of the Executive, have been taken to ascertain the value of the stock, and procure the payment as early as possible.

The conduct and present condition of that Bank, and the great amount of capital vested in it by the United States, require your careful attention. Its charter expired on the 3d day of March last, and it has now no power but that given in the 21st section "to use the corporate name, style and capacity for the purpose of suits for the final settlement and liquidation of the affairs and accounts of the corporation, and for the sale and disposition of their estate, real, personal and mixed, but not for any other purpose, or in any other manner whatsoever, nor for a period not exceeding two years after the expiration of the said term of incorporation." Before the expiration of the charter, the stockholders of the Bank obtained an act of incorporation from the Legislature of Pennsylvania, excluding only the United States. Instead of proceeding to wind up their concerns, and pay over to the United States the amount due on account of the stock held by them the president and directors of the old bank appear to have transferred the books, papers, notes, obligations, and most or all of its property to this new corporation, which entered upon business as a continuation of the old concern. Amongst other acts of questionable validity, the notes of the expired corporation are known to have been used as its own, and again put into circulation. That the old bank had no right to issue or re-issue its notes after the expiration of its charter, cannot be denied, and that it could not confer any such right on its substitute, any more than exercise it itself, is equally plain. In law and honesty, the notes of the bank in circulation at the expiration of its charter, should have been called in by public advertisement, paid up as presented, and, together with those on hand, cancelled and destroyed. Their re-issue is sanctioned by no law, and warranted by no necessity. If the United States be responsible in their stock for the payment of these notes, their re-issue, by the new corporation, for their own profit, is a fraud on the Government. If the United States is not responsible, then there is no legal responsibility in any quarter, and it is a fraud on the country. They are the redeemed notes of a dissolved partnership, but, contrary to the wishes of the retiring partner, and without his consent, are again re-issued and circulated.

It is the high and peculiar duty of Congress to decide whether any further legislation be necessary for the security of the large amount of public property now held and in use by the new bank, and for vindicating the rights of the Government, and compelling a speedy and honest settlement with all the creditors of the old bank, public and private, or whether the subject shall be left to the power now possessed by the Executive and Judiciary. It remains to be seen whether the persons, who, as managers of the old bank, undertook to control the Government, retained the public dividends, shut their doors upon a committee of the House of Representatives, and filled the country with panic to accomplish their own sinister objects, may now, as managers of a new bank, continue with impunity to flood the country with a spurious currency, use the seven millions of Government stock for their own profit, and refuse to the United States all information as to the present condition of their own property, and the prospect of recovering it into their own possession.

The lessons taught by the Bank of the United States cannot well be lost upon the American people. They will take care never again to place so tremendous a power in irresponsible hands, and it will be fortunate if they seriously consider the consequences which are likely to result on a smaller scale from the facility with which corporate powers are granted by their State Governments.

It is believed that the law of the last session regulating the deposite banks, operates onerously and unjustly upon them in many respects; and it is hoped that Congress, on proper representation, will adopt the modifications which are necessary to prevent this consequence.

The report of the Secretary of War, *ad interim*, and the accompanying documents, all which are herewith laid before you, will give you a full view of the diversified and important operations of that Department during the past year.

The military movements rendered necessary by the aggressions of the hostile portions of the Seminole and Creek tribes of Indians, and by other circumstances have required the active employment of nearly our whole regular force, including the marine corps, and of large bodies of militia and volunteers. With all these events, so far as they were known at the seat of Government before the termination of your last session, you are already acquainted; and it is therefore only needful in this place to lay before you a brief summary of what has since occurred.

The war with the Seminoles, during the summer, was, on our part, chiefly confined to the protection of our frontier settlements, from the incursions of the enemy; and as a necessary and important means for the accomplishment of that end, to the maintenance of the posts previously established. In the course of this duty, several actions took place, in which the bravery and discipline of both officers and men were conspicuously displayed, and which I have deemed it proper to notice, in respect to the former, by the granting of brevet rank for gallant services in the field. But as the force of the Indians was not so far weakened by these partial successes, as to lead them to submit, and as their savage inroads were frequently repeated, early measures were taken for placing at the disposal of Governor Call, who, as commander-in-chief of the Territorial militia, had been temporarily invested with the command, an ample force, for the purpose of resuming offensive operations, in the most efficient manner, so soon as the season should permit. Major General Jesup was also directed on the conclusion of his duties in the Creek country, to repair to Florida, and assume the command.

The result of the first movement made by the forces under the direction of Governor Call, in October last, as detailed in the accompanying papers, excited much surprise and disappointment. A full explanation has been required of the causes which led to the failure of that movement, but has not yet been received. In the mean time, as it was feared that the health of Governor Call, who was understood to have suffered much from sickness, might not be adequate to the crisis, and as Major General Jesup was known to have reached Florida, that officer was directed to assume the command, and to prosecute all needful operations with the utmost promptitude and vigor. From the force at his disposal, and the dispositions he has made and is instructed to make, and from the very efficient measures which it is since ascertained have been taken by Governor Call, there is reason to hope that they will soon be enabled to reduce the enemy to subjection. In the mean time, as you will perceive from the report of the Secretary, there is urgent necessity for further appropriations to suppress these hostilities.

Happily for the interests of humanity, the hostilities with the Creeks were brought to a close soon after your adjournment, without that effusion of blood which at one time was apprehended as inevitable. The unconditional submission of the hostile party was followed by their speedy removal to the country assigned them west of the Mississippi. The inquiry as to alleged frauds in the purchase of the reservations of these Indians, and the causes of their hostilities, requested by the resolution of the House Representatives of the first of July last, to be made by the President, is now going on, through the agency of commissioners appointed for that purpose. Their report may be expected during your present session.

The difficulties apprehended in the Cherokee country have been prevented and the peace and safety of that region and its vicinity effectually secured, by the timely measures taken by the War Department, and still continued.

The discretionary authority given to General Gaines to cross the Sabine, and to occupy a position as far west as Nacogdoches, in case he should deem such a step necessary to the protection of the frontier, and to the fulfilment of the stipulations contained in our treaty with Mexico, and the movement subsequently made by that officer, have been alluded to in a former part of this message. At the date of the latest intelligence from Nacogdoches, our troops were yet at that station; but the officer who has succeeded General Gaines has recently been advised that, from the facts known at the seat of Government, there would seem to be no adequate cause for any longer maintaining that position; and he was accordingly instructed, in case the troops were not already withdrawn under the discretionary powers before possessed by him, to give the requisite orders for that purpose on the receipt of the instructions, unless he shall then have in his possession such information as shall satisfy him that the maintenance of the post is essential to the protection of our frontiers, and to the due execution of our treaty stipulations, as previously explained to him.

Whilst the necessities existing during the present year, for the service of militia and volunteers, have furnished new proofs of the patriotism of our fellow citizens, they have also strongly illustrated the importance of an increase in the rank and file of the regular army. The views of this subject submitted by the Secretary of War, in his report, meet my entire concurrence; and are earnestly commended to the deliberate attention of Congress. In this connection it is also proper to remind you, that the defects in our present militia system are every day rendered more apparent. The duty of making further provision by law for organizing, arming and disciplining this arm of defence has been so repeatedly presented to Congress by myself and my predecessors, that I deem it sufficient on this occasion to refer to the last annual message, and to former Executive communications, in which this subject has been discussed.

It appears from the reports of the officers charged with mustering into service the volunteers called for under the act of Congress of the last session, that more presented themselves at the place of rendezvous in Tennessee than were sufficient to meet the requisition which had been made by the Secretary of War upon the Governor of that State. This was occasioned by the omission of the Governor to apportion the requisition to the different regiments of militia, so as to obtain the proper number of troops, and no more. It seems but just to the patriotic citizens who repaired to the general rendezvous, under circumstances authorizing them to believe that their services were needed, and would be accepted, that the expenses incurred by them while absent from their homes, should be paid by the Government. I accordingly recommended that a law to this effect be passed by Congress, giving them a compensation which will cover their expenses on the march to and from the place of rendezvous, and while there; in connection with which, it will also be proper to make provision for such other equitable claims, growing out of the service of the militia, as may not be embraced in the existing laws.

On the unexpected breaking out of the hostilities in Florida, Alabama, and Georgia, it became necessary, in some cases, to take the property of individuals for public use. Provision should be made by law for indemnifying the owners; and I would also respectfully suggest whether some provision may not be made, consistently with the principles of our Government, for the relief of the sufferers by the Indian depredations, or by the operations of our own troops.

No time was lost after the making of the requisite appropriations, in resuming the great national work of completing the unfinished fortifications on our seaboard, and of placing them in a proper state of defence. In consequence, however, of the very late day at which those bills were passed, but little progress could be made during the season which has just closed. A very large amount of the monies granted at your last session, accordingly, remains unexpended; but as the work will be again resumed at the earliest moment in the coming spring, the balance of the existing appropriations, and in several cases, which will be laid before you with the proper estimates, further sums for the like objects, may be usefully expended during the next year.

The recommendations of an increase in the Engineer Corps, and for a reorganization of the Topographical Corps, submitted to you in my last annual message, derive additional strength from the great embarrassments experienced during the present year, in those branches of the service, and under which they are now suffering. Several of the most important surveys and constructions directed by recent laws, have been suspended in consequence of the want of adequate force in these corps. The like observations may be applied to the Ordnance corps, and the General Staff, the operations of which, as they are now organized, must either be frequently interrupted, or performed by officers taken from the line of the army, to the great prejudice of the service.

For a general view of the condition of the Military Academy, and of other branches of the military service not already noticed, as well as for fuller illustrations of those which have been mentioned, I refer you to the accompanying documents; and among the various proposals contained therein for legislative action, I would particularly notice the suggestion of the Secretary of War for the revision of the pay of the army, as entitled to your favourable regard.

The national policy, founded alike in interest and in humanity, so long and so steadily pursued by this Government, for the removal of the Indian tribes originally settled on this side of the Mississippi, to the west of that river, may be said to have been consummated by the conclusion of the late treaty with the Cherokees. The measures taken in the execution of that treaty, and in relation to our Indian affairs generally, will fully appear by referring to the accompanying papers. Without dwelling on the numerous and important topics embraced in them, I again invite your attention to the importance of providing a well-digested and comprehensive system for the protection, supervision, and improvement of the various tribes now planted in the Indian country. The suggestions submitted by the Commissioner of Indian affairs, and enforced by the Secretary, on this subject, and also in regard to the establishment of additional military posts in the Indian country, are entitled to your profound consideration. Both measures are necessary for the double purpose of protecting the Indians from intestine war, and in other respects complying with our engagements to them, and of securing our western frontier against incursions, which otherwise will assuredly be made on it. The best hopes of humanity, in regard to the aboriginal race, the welfare of our rapidly extending settlements, and the honour of the United States, are all deeply involved in the relations existing between the Government and the emigrating tribes. I trust, therefore, that the various matters submitted in the accompanying documents, in respect to those relations, will receive your early and mature deliberation; and that it may issue in the adoption of legislative measures adapted to the circumstances, and duties of the present crisis.

You are referred to the report of the Secretary of the Navy for a satisfactory view of the operations of the department under his charge, during the present year. In the construction of vessels at the different navy yards, and in the employment of our ships and squadrons at sea, that branch of the service has been actively and usefully employed. While the situation of our commercial interests in the West Indies required a greater number than usual of armed vessels to be kept on that station, it is gratifying to perceive that the protection due to our commerce in other quarters of the world has not proved insufficient. Every effort has been made to facilitate the equipment of the exploring expedition authorized by the act of the last session, but all the preparations necessary to enable it to sail has not yet been completed. No means will be spared by the Government to fit out the expedition on a scale corresponding with the liberal appropriation for the purpose, and with the elevated character of the objects which are to be effected by it.

I beg leave to renew the recommendation made in my last annual message, respecting the enlistment of boys in our naval service, and to urge upon your attention the necessity of further appropriations to increase the number of ships afloat, and to enlarge generally the capacity and force of the navy. The increase of our commerce, and our position in regard to other powers of the world, will always make it our policy and interest to cherish the great naval resources of our country.

The report of the Postmaster General presents a gratifying picture of the condition of the Post Office Department. Its revenues for the year ending the 30th of June last, were $3,398,455 19, showing an increase of revenue over that of the preceding year of $404,878 53, or more than 13 per cent. The expenditures for the same year were $2,755,623 76, exhibiting a surplus of $642,831 43. The Department has been redeemed from embarrassments and debt, has accumulated a surplus exceeding half a million of dollars, has largely extended, and is preparing still farther to extend, the mail service, and recommends a reduction of postages equal to about 20 per cent. It is practising upon the great principle, which should control every branch of our Government, of rendering to the public the greatest good possible, with the least possible taxation to the people.

The scale of postages suggested by the Postmaster General recommends itself, not only by the reduction it proposes, but by the simplicity of its arrangement, its conformity with the Federal currency, and the improvement it will introduce into the accounts of the Department and its agents.

Your particular attention is invited to the subject of mail contracts with rail road companies. The present laws, providing for the making of contracts, are based upon the presumption that competition among bidders will secure the service at a fair price. But on most of the rail road lines, there is no competition in that kind of transportation, and advertising is therefore useless. No contract can now be made with them except such as shall be negotiated before the time of offering, or afterwards, and the power of the Postmaster General to pay them high prices, is practically without limitation. It would be a relief to him, and no doubt would conduce to the public interest, to prescribe by law, some equitable basis upon which such contracts shall rest, and restrict him by a fixed rule of allowance. Under a liberal act of that sort he would undoubtedly be able to secure the services of most of the rail road companies, and the interest of the Department would be thus advanced.

The correspondence between the people of the United States and the European nations, and particularly with the British islands, has become very extensive, and requires the interposition of Congress to give it security. No obstacle is perceived to an interchange of mails between New York and Liverpool, or other foreign ports, as proposed by the Postmaster General; on the contrary, it proposes, by the security it will afford, to facilitate commercial transactions, and give rise to an enlarged intercourse among the people of different nations, which cannot but have a happy effect. Through the city of New York most of the correspondence between the Canadas and Europe is now carried on, and urgent representations have been received from the head of the Provincial post office, asking the interposition of the U. States to guard it from the accidents and losses to which it is now subjected. Some legislation appears to be called for, as well by our own interest, as by comity to the adjoining British Provinces.

The expediency of providing a fire proof building for the important books and papers of the Post Office Department, is worthy of consideration. In the present condition of our Treasury, it is neither necessary or wise to leave essential public interests exposed to so much danger, when they can so readily be made secure. There are weighty considerations in the location of a new building for the Department, in favor of placing it near the other Executive buildings.

The important subjects of a survey of the coast, and the manufacture of a standard of weights and measures for the different custom-houses, have been in progress for some years, under the general direction of the Executive, and the immediate superintendance of a gentleman possessing high scientific attainments. At the last session of Congress, the making of a set of weights and measures for each State in the Union was added to the others by a joint resolution.

The care and correspondence as to all these subjects have been devolved on the Treasury Department during the last year. A special report from the Secretary of the Treasury will soon be communicated to Congress, which will show what has been accomplished as to the whole, the number and compensation of the persons now employed in these duties, and the progress expected to be made during the ensuing year, with a copy of the various correspondence deemed necessary to throw light on the subjects which seem to require additional legislation.—Claims have been made for retrospective allowances in behalf of the superintendent, and some of his assistants, which I did not feel justified in granting; other claims have been made for large increases in compensation, which under all the circumstances of the several cases, I declined making without the express sanction of Congress. In order to obtain that sanction, the subject was at the last session, on my suggestion, and by request of the immediate superintendent, submitted by the Treasury Department to the Committee of Commerce of the House of Representatives. But no legislative action having taken place, the early attention of Congress is now invited to the enactment of some express and detailed provisions in relation to the various claims made for the past, and to the compensation and allowances deemed proper for the future.

It is further respectfully recommended that such being the inconvenience of attention to these duties by the Chief Magistrate, and such the great pressure of business on the Treasury Department, the general supervision of the coast survey, and the completion of the weights and measures, if the works are kept united, should be devolved on a board of officers, organized specially for that purpose, or on the Navy Board attached to the Navy Department.

All my experience and reflection confirm the conviction I have so often expressed to Congress, in favor of an amendment of the constitution, which will prevent, in any event, the election of the President and Vice President of the United States devolving on the House of Representatives and the Senate; and I therefore beg leave again to solicit your attention to the subject.—There were various other suggestions in my last annual message, not acted upon, particularly that relating to the want of uniformity in the laws of the District of Columbia, that are deemed worthy of your favorable consideration.

Before concluding this paper, I think it due to the various Executive Departments to bear testimony to their prosperous condition, and to the ability and integrity with which they have been conducted. It has been my aim to enforce in all of them a vigilant and faithful discharge of the public business, and it is gratifying to me to believe that there is no just cause of complaint from any quarter, at the manner in which they have fulfilled the objects of their creation.

Having now finished the observations deemed proper on this, the last occasion I shall have of communicating with the two Houses of Congress at their meeting, I cannot omit an expression of the gratitude which is due to the great body of my fellow citizens, in whose partiality and indulgence I have found encouragement and support in the many difficult and trying scenes through which it has been my lot to pass during my public career. Though deeply sensible that my exertions have not been crowned with a success corresponding to the degree of favor bestowed upon me, I am sure that they will be considered as having been directed by an earnest desire to promote the good of my country; and I am consoled by the persuasion that whatever errors have been committed will find a corrective in the intelligence and patriotism of those who will succeed us. All that has occurred during my administration is calculated to inspire me with increased confidence in the stability of our institutions; and should I be spared to enter upon that retirement which is so suitable to my age and infirm health, and so much desired by me in other respects, I shall not cease to invoke that beneficent Being to whose providence we are already so signally indebted for the continuance of his blessings on our beloved country.

ANDREW JACKSON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1836.

Important Discovery.—During the last spring, one of our merchants employed an English miner of practical experience, to examine the banks of the Upper Mississippi in pursuit of Coal, and we are pleased to learn, that his exertions have been crowned with success. After a tedious examination of the shores and banks on both sides of the river, from the Rapids down to the mouth of the Missouri, an inexhaustible bank of Coal was discovered, and effectually opened, in Calhoun county, Ill. 10 miles above the mouth of the Illinois River, at the southernmost point or bend of the Mississippi, in a direct line, and about five miles from St. Charles, on the Missouri River; 26 miles from Alton, and but 50 miles from St. Louis, by the river. The Coal bed extends from one and a quarter to one and a half miles along the banks. Eight shafts have lately been opened, commencing with the first appearance of the strata to its extent with the line of the river, all of which were within two to four hundred yards of high water mark, and from sixty to seventy feet above the level of the river. The Coal is bituminous and of the finest quality,—we should think superior to any discovered in this section of the country, and probably equal if not superior to the Pittsburg or Brownsville, and in quantity inexhaustible. We are informed that as soon as it was discovered, the gentleman interested, purchased the whole line or extent of land bordering on the Mississippi, and is of opinion that in another season, Coal can be furnished at Alton and St. Louis for six or eight cents per bushel.—*Alton Telegraph.*

Perfidy Exposed.—On the 25th ultimo, Mr. Clayton Sheard, boarding at No. 278 Walker street, came to the police office and complained that he had been robbed of $80 in money. With him came one of his fellow boarders named N. Powell, who manifested great solicitude for the situation of Mr. Sheard, and expressed anxiety to have the thief arrested. T. M. Lyons, the officer, being deputed to assist apprehending the offender, Mr. Powell became active in aiding him with his advice, and described minutely to him a negro man, whom he had seen descending the stairs on the night of the robbery, and to whom he imputed the offence. To arrest him, Powell and his friend expended two days, but without success. On Saturday evening Lyons went to No. 278 Walker street to meet Powell again. While conversing with him, he elicited some observations, that excited a suspicion in Lyons that Powell was better acquainted with the robbery, and its author, than he chose to acknowledge, and at once, proposed a search of the trunks of all the boarders. To this all assented, and the search commenced. The first trunk was examined and nothing found; the second was Powell's, who opened it with alacrity himself, and taking out some books that laid on the top, laid them on the bed. Lyons, however, kept a searching eye upon him, and observed him take something out from between the leaves of a book, and thrust in the sleeve of his coat.—He at once seized and searched him, and in the cuff of his coat sleeve found $50 in bills, part of what Mr. Sheard had lost, and ascertained that the new suit of clothes he had just received, were purchased with another portion of the money, which he took to the tailor's, and was paid $30 for. Powell was then taken to the Police, and with all his zeal to arrest another for theft, was himself locked up in prison for the crime.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Honest Thieves.—About a month since the premises of Mr. Stevens, a Jeweller, in Dey street, were entered one evening and robbed under very suspicious circumstances, of nearly or quite twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds, of which, although a very large reward was offered for their recovery, nothing at all has been heard until the forenoon of Wednesday, when Mr. S. received a note, which was written and delivered by an unknown person, and contained an intimation that if he would attend that evening in St. John's Park, he should receive the missing property. At the time appointed, thither Mr. Stevens went, and had not been there but a short period, when one or other of the "Great Unknown" placed in his hands a parcel and then disappeared. On opening the mysterious package, it was found to contain about three-fourths of the stolen diamonds—this we suppose, what may be called for thieves, and considering too, that it is just the beginning of winter, being as honest as they could afford to be, as they only retained one fourth of the diamonds worth about $5,000, as a remuneration for their services.—*N. Y. Trans.*

Accidents happen in London every day, from omnibus-racing.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The late extensive conspiracy in Russia said to have been organized by the Lithuanian nobles is imputed to many of them having been ruined by the issue of the Odessa Hypothecaire.

The English fleet will remain in the neighbourhood of Smyrna.

Mrs. Sarah L. Smith, wife of Rev. Eli Smith, American missionary at Beyrout, died at Smyrna Sept. 30.

Two Greeks were executed at Smyrna, Sept. 28th, having been concerned in the robbery and murder of one of their countrymen. Others were expected to share the same fate.

M. Goux, 1st lieutenant of the French ship of the line Triton, was killed in a duel on the 3d September, by M. de Rosamel commander of the brig of war Sylph.

The health of King Louis Philippe is said to be indifferent.

Prince Talleyrand has sent to the prefect of the Indre his resignation as a member of the council general of the department.

The Russian prince Galitzin died at Paris a few days ago.

The fortress of Silistria has been evacuated by the Russians, and the keys surrendered to the Pacha of Rutschuck.

Two hundred Polish Refugees have arrived at Trieste. They are confined in the barracks, and the cholera rages among them.

The accounts from Constantinople are to the 25th of September. It was said that lord Ponsonby was about to return to England, and that Mr. Churchill would also quit that capital.

The plague continued its ravages. It had made great havoc at Adrianople and extended to Brossa. At Smyrna it was making great havoc in those quarters of the town where the Jews and Turks reside.

The Sultan continues to occupy himself with the organization of his army after the European plan. A quarantine has, for the first time in the Empire, been established at the Isle of Rhodes. The Imperial press has published an Arabic grammar.

The inhabitants of Damascus lately witnessed a commercial movement unparalleled during many years. One thousand camels arrived in that city laden with goods of European manufacture put particularly British articles.

The Garden of plants has been gradually increased during the last forty years, until it now extends over a surface of 84 acres. On the 1st of January last it contained about 526 specimens of the animal vegetable, and mineral world.—There are in the gardens, hot houses, and conservatories, upwards of 10,000 different species of trees and plants.

La Mancha.—This province, celebrated for the scene of Don Quixotte's exploits, is so flat, that a traveller on starting in the morning, may see, it is said, the spot where he is to rest at night. It still abounds in windmills: a recent tourist counted no less than 21 at a single glance.

Smyrna, Nov. 30.—We must add another to our catalogue of crimes or accident. The Sardinian brig, St. Bartholomew, arrived here in distress a few days since, the Captain having intentionally, it is said, set fire to a barrel of Gunpowder, by which the vessel was much damaged, and himself and the second in command were killed.

Constantinople, Sept. 24.—Russia is prosecuting with indefatigable ardour the war against the indomitable hordes of the Caucasus, who defend their territory inch by inch against the invaders. More than 100,000 Russian troops are employed in this service, from it is inferred that the campaign will not pass away without their gaining some important advantages.

Man Traps.—An Englishman, who had a beautiful garden at Sparkwell, last September found his choice flowers stolen. To discover the thief he set man traps on his premises, giving public notice, and the next night caught his own brother, who was so badly wounded that he was obliged to submit to an amputation.

Valuable Relic.—Among the curiosities in the National Library at Berlin, is one, said to be the identical bible used by Charles I. when on the scaffold.

Shooting Parsons.—In the published list of game certificates for the county of Derby we observe 22 names with *reverend* attached to them; and in the Yorkshire list there are 91.

Rice.—Great attention is being paid to the growth of rice in the East India Islands. Ninety two thousand new parcels of land have lately been devoted to the raising of rice in the island of Java alone.

Great mischief has been done at Lyons, in France, by a set of scoundrels throwing sulphuric acid on the dresses of ladies—and particularly on silk gowns.

It has recently been decided by the tribunals at Paris, that the original articles in the newspapers cannot be copied into other papers until the expiration of five days, in which time they will have traversed the whole kingdom. Several have been sentenced to pay pecuniary penalties for violating this law.

Etiquette.—A letter received at Bombay from Teheran, says that at a grand dinner given by the Shah of Persia, Mr. Ellis, the British resident, was grievously offended, and left the durbar, because the health of the emperor of Russia was the first toast proposed, and that of the king of England only the second.

His Imperial Majesty of Brazil is having a carriage built in London, at a cost of about $50,000, to be used at his coronation. His Royal Highness is nearly *ten years old!*

Curious Relic.—The tomb of Offa has lately been discovered in digging a vault in the church yard of Homel. The coffin was struck about four feet beneath the surface, and taken up entire. An inscription was discovered on the coffin, proving the remains, to be those of Offa, the celebrated king of the Mercians, who built the Abbey of St. Albans, and who died in the *eighth century*. The coffin is a very curious piece of workmanship.

Burning the Scriptures.—The Greek clergy at one of the missionary stations, as we have recently learned, required the people to bring all the books which they had obtained of the missionaries, and caused them all, to the number of five or six hundred copies, spelling books, geographies, arithmetics, pentateuchs, psalters, new testaments, &c. to be burned in the church yard.

British Coins.—A late London paper, says:—A delusion pervades the public mind with regard to the value of guineas, half-guineas, and seven shilling pieces of gold. These coins were never called in, and of course pass at the banks, if of standard weight, at the full value. Some of our banks have coffers filled with guineas coined in the reign of George II. which, never having been in circulation, have still a splendid appearance.

Valuable to Agriculturists.—Ground bones have now become an important article among the agriculturists of Europe. The effects of this article on soil are astonishing. Vegetation is quickened, and soon arrives at that state when it is not assailable by destroying insects. It is said the demand is so great for ground bones in England, that people do not hesitate about selling the bones of their ancestors. If such be the fact, the article will not soon diminish in quantity, though the price may thereby "catch a fall."

An interesting discovery has lately been made by the keeper of the regalia in the Tower. In clearing out some secret places in the jewellery office, a royal sceptre was found, equalling in splendor and in value the others which are there exhibited. It is imagined, from the decayed state of the case, and the dust wherewith it was enveloped, that this sceptre must have been thrown into that neglected corner in the confusion of Blood's well known attempt on the crown jewels, nearly a century and a half ago.

Lion Fight.—As Mr. Bauff entered Wombwell's menageries on Tuesday night, a tremendous noise was heard in one of the caravans, which was found to proceed from a lioness and buffalo, which were engaged in a terrific combat, the former having forced its way into the apartments of the latter, and attacked that animal. Some minutes elapsed before the keepers could succeed in getting the Lioness back to her own den. This was at last accomplished; but the buffalo was so severely injured that it soon after died of its wounds.

A somewhat laughable circumstance occurred in Fleet street! a lady had purchased a quarter of a pound of tea at a grocer's, and having put it in her pocket, left the shop; before she had got many paces from the door she imagined there was something living in her pocket, from a very perceptible agitation within. She screamed out; but her alarm quickly subsided into the utmost confusion, on finding that she was dragging no less than 30 or 40 yards of twine, one end of which was attached to the parcel of tea in her pocket, the other end being snug in the twine box on the grocer's counter. The shopman had, after tying up the parcel neglected to snap off the end, as usual.

New Invention.—A gun-maker of Easingwold, Yorkshire, has invented an alarm-lamp to replace spring guns, which it is no longer legal to make use of. The inventor states that the lamp may be placed against a tree or post in a stack yard, or in any place where property is kept, and if any one comes within its limits it lights up and fires fifteen or twenty reports, which may be heard at some miles distance. When used for preserves it may be made to send up a sky rocket to show in what direction the poacher may be found. It is described as being perfectly free from danger to servants or others having the care of it, but said to be calculated when it goes off to strike terror into the breast of the most audacious depredators.

ATKINSON'S SATURDA
EVENING POS
PHILADELPHIA
Saturday, December 10, 183

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Christmas presents for children that has ever
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81 wood cuts, by Adams, which have never
surpassed in beauty of execution, in this cou
We recommend the volume to every one who
wish to gratify his "little responsibilities" wi
handsome and attractive present.

The American Orator's Book.—Is the title
small volume now lying on our table. It cont
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faith. The book commends itself to those o
who feel an interest in the controversy alre
alluded to.

THE DEAF MUTE.

We were invited a few days since to visit
studio of M. Raboni, an Italian artist of so
deaf mute, at present residing in our city.
half hour was whiled away very agreeably
contemplating a number of historical painti
of various degrees of excellence, with wh
the room was filled. We believe (though
great connoisseur in the art) that they a
chiefly copies from the elder masters, with
exception of one or two original designs.
be as it may, the artist has certainly formed
very interesting collection, and we regret
exceedingly that our avocations would not p
us to linger more, than a prescribed time
the various historical associations, wh
the magic power of the pencil had conjured
our mind.

The chef d'oeuvre of the collection however
a portrait of a little girl, apparently about t
twelve years of age, represented in the a
of arranging her clustering ringlets, in
fever. The expression of beauty, intelligen
and innocence, which are all combined in t
countenance, we have never seen equaled. I
perfectly angelic. And yet this is the portra
and moreover the exact resemblance of a D
Mute! Incredible as it may seem, the most i
ligent countenance that we have ever behe
belongs to one, to whom all outward means
intelligence are forever denied.

The arrangement of the picture is chaste a
simple. A basket of wild roses is placed besi
the child, and the vine of the Passion flower-
beautiful emblematic allusion—is wreath
around the arbour, which together with a p
perspective view of the garden, forms the ba
ground. Had we not been aware of the fa
we should have imagined that the artist had c
ceived the figure of a youthful Hebe or Psyc
his model. The picture however was paint
at the desire of the parents of the child, a wh
and respectable family, now resident in t

Support your Mechanics.—There is scarce
thing (says the Knickerbocker,) whi
more to the improvement of a town, th
and liberal support offered to mechani
every description. Population is necessa
the prosperity of any country; and the pop
being of an honest and industrious ch
renders prosperity more certain, unifor
unvarying. Scarcely any place has ris
such importance, even if possessed of th
commercial advantages, without true r
to the encouragement of the mechanic art
though the exportation of merchandi
the leading feature of such a place, th
arts of mechanics are put invariab
requisition, and are indispensable to rend
progress of commercial operations safe. T
and town, mechanics are equally impor
elsewhere. They constitute a large an
table portion of society in all countrie
towns and villages they are almost a lead
constituent part of their growth and popu
To afford ample support to this cla
seems so highly useful and necessary,
ly the duty of those engaged in othe
. Some branches of mechanism hav
no competition from abroad, the na
their business preventing such inroad
ferences; others are, however, subjec
annovated by the importation of simila
of foreign produce made at rates, in
a preference ever our own production
trade and commerce in all their va
branches should be free and unshackled
for the prosperity of our village shoul
to afford a reasonable support to ou
; we should at least give them a pre
when we are not losers by it. A little ex
will have convinced many that it is, i
for their interest to do so, indepen
many other considerations.

Usual Theatrical notices, together with a va
miscellaneous subjects, have been crowde
week. In reference to the former, we hav
to observe, that the Walnut St. Theatre
del on Monday evening, on the occasi
way's benefit. The engagement of th
has continued the attraction, and the hous
completely filled every evening this week
Chesnut Street Theatre "The Maid o
" has been repeated every evening sinc
night. The singing, dancing, &c. appe
this opera, or ballet (we do not know w
term to class it), have never been surpas
country. The concluding scene has
ndid effect.

ywood performed the character of "Joh
" in the drama of "The Crammond
Monday evening. It is seldom that th
manager of this theatre appears on the stage
announcement is always the herald of
tic treat. In relation to his performance
of the Inquirer justly observes:—"This
is *quite sui generis*, and a faithful portra
Annie Scot," has never been more happily
delineated than by Mr. M.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, December 10, 1836.

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"A Plan for Voluntary Societies, and a Defence of the Decisions of the General Assembly of 1836," &c.—The reader will perceive by the title that this work is polemic, and treats of certain measures, differences, and events, which now threaten a division of the Presbyterian Church. Of course we shall not enter upon its discussions. The writer is of the "New School" faith. The book commends itself to those only who feel an interest in the controversy already alluded to.

THE DEAF MUTE.

We were invited a few days since to visit the studio of M. Rabono, an Italian artist of some eminence, at present residing in our city. A half hour was whiled away very agreeably in contemplating a number of historical paintings of various degrees of excellence, with which the room was filled. We believe (though no great connoisseur in the art) that they are tolerably copies from the elder masters, with the exception of one or two original designs. Be this as it may, the artist has certainly formed a very interesting collection, and we regretted exceedingly that our avocations would not permit us to linger more, than a prescribed time, to ponder over the various historical associations, which the magic power of the pencil had conjured up around.

The chef d'oeuvre of the collection however is a portrait of a little girl, apparently about ten or twelve years of age, represented in the attitude of arranging her clustering ringlets, in a mirror. The expression of beauty, intelligence and innocence, which are all combined in the countenance, we have never seen equaled. It is perfectly angelic. And yet this is the portrait, if not moreover the exact resemblance of a *Deaf Mute!* Incredible as it may seem, the most intelligent countenance that we have ever beheld, belongs to one, to whom all outward means of intelligence are forever denied.

The arrangement of the picture is chaste and simple. A basket of wild roses is placed beside the child, and the vine of the Passion flower—a peculiar emblematic allusion—is wreathed around the arbour, which together with a perspective view of the garden, forms the back ground. Had we not been aware of the fact, we should have imagined that the artist had selected the figure of a youthful Hebe or Psyche for a model. The picture however was painted at the desire of the parents of the child, a wealthy and respectable family, now resident in the city.

Support your Mechanics.—There is scarcely anything (says the Knickerbocker,) which more to the improvement of a town, than a liberal support offered to mechanics of every description. Population is necessary to the prosperity of any country: and the population being of an honest and industrious character, renders prosperity more certain, uniform and enduring. Scarcely any place has risen to such importance, even if possessed of the most commercial advantages, without true regard to the encouragement of the mechanic arts. Although the exportation of merchandize is the leading feature of such a place, the arts of mechanics are put invariably in opposition, and are indispensable to render the progress of commercial operations safe. To the town, mechanics are equally important as elsewhere. They constitute a large and valuable portion of society in all countries, towns and villages they are almost a leading constituent part of their growth and population. To afford ample support to this class of persons so highly useful and necessary, is not only the duty of those engaged in other pursuits. Some branches of mechanism have been in no competition from abroad, the nature of their business preventing such inroads and interference; others are, however, subject to be innovated by the importation of similar articles of foreign produce made at rates, including a preference over our own productions. The trade and commerce in all their various branches should be free and unshackled, and for the prosperity of our village should it be to afford a reasonable support to our mechanics; we should at least give them a preference when we are not losers by it. A little exertion will have convinced many that it is, in the end, for their interest to do so, independently of other considerations.

Dramatical Theatrical notices, together with a variety of miscellaneous subjects, have been crowded out of this week. In reference to the former, we have to observe, that the Walnut St. Theatre closed on Monday evening, on the occasion of Mr. Wallack's benefit. The engagement of the Ravels has continued the attraction, and the house has been completely filled every evening this week. The Chestnut Street Theatre "The Maid of Orleans" has been repeated every evening since its first night. The singing, dancing, &c. appertaining to this opera, or ballet (we do not know which term to class it), have never been surpassed in this country. The concluding scene has a powerful effect.

Mr. Wood has performed the character of "John Jones" in the drama of "The Crammond Will" every Monday evening. It is seldom that the manager of this theatre appears on the stage, but his announcement is always the herald of a genuine treat. In relation to his performance, one of the Inquirer justly observes.—"This is quite *sui generis*, and a faithful portrait of a Yankee Scot," has never been more happily delineated than by Mr. W.

CUSTOM HOUSE.

We are much in want of a new custom house in our city. The present building is badly situated, small, and inconvenient. It can only be approached from one direction, and only by one dray at a time. The apartments are so small, and so badly ventilated as to be thought to be unfavourable to health. It is impossible indeed, that the small, circumscribed out of the way little building, that has heretofore, during the infancy of our commerce, and the emptiness of the national purse, been made to answer the purpose of a custom house, could longer continue to be occupied as such. Appropriations have been liberally made for the erection of large and commodious custom houses at Boston, New York, New Orleans, and at almost every other point where the national revenue is collected. Why should Philadelphia be longer neglected? Not for the reason, certainly, that there has been any considerable appropriations for other purposes at this point? But without reference to any claims on this score, we are satisfied that the erection of a new custom house is actually and imperiously required for the facilities of business, the accommodation of our merchants, and the collection of the government duties.

We are also in want of a building for the Circuit and District courts of the United States, for this district. Strange as it may appear, we have never had such a building yet; though we have one of the supreme judges residing here, and one or the other of the above national courts are in session more than half the year. The government has heretofore depended upon renting a court room as well as the Clerk's and Marshall's offices, grand jury room, &c. The courts are but badly accommodated, however, besides incommoding our State courts in occupying the building they at present do.

It has been suggested that the custom house and court rooms might be connected. A building erected on the site of the old coffee house, with one front on Second street, and another on, Dock opposite the Exchange, and running down to Walnut st. would very well accommodate both objects, and a fine building at such a location would prove a great ornament to the city. It is at this point our citizens have most manifestly displayed their liberality and taste in the erection of fine buildings, the Bank of Pennsylvania, the Girard Bank and the new Merchant's Exchange being located in this immediate vicinity, all of them constructed of marble and with beautiful architectural taste. The grouping will be complete when the government shall have its custom house erected. We sincerely hope an appropriation will be made this winter, and it should not be less than $300,000, and this we believe is less than a moiety of the estimated expense of the custom house now being built in N. York. We hope to see our citizens making an earnest and united move in this matter.

THE ELECTIONS.

There is an unusual, and we should think unnecessary delay in the returns of votes in some of the western and southwestern states. From Illinois we have nothing as yet to determine what has been the result of the contest in that State. This State had been conceded to Van Buren, but the partial returns encourage the opinion that it may have gone for Harrison.—The accounts from Mississippi, which are by no means conclusive, are so far as received favorable to the success of the opposition ticket. From Louisiana the returns are not full, but so far as received indicate a close vote. The Van Buren papers claim the State as having elected the Van Buren ticket of electors, as they do, in fact, all the states yet to be heard from, but the partial accounts do not warrant such a conclusion. From Alabama we have partial returns from several counties which do not materially alter the complexion as settled by the August election. In Mobile county the Van Buren forces prevailed, contrary to anticipation.—Where local considerations bear so strongly upon general elections as they do in most of the southern states such changes are not alarming.

It is with regret that we have to record a disastrous conflagration in Quebec. Shortly after 10, P. M., on Thursday, Nov. 24th, the wooden house in Champlain street, occupied as a boarding house, was discovered to be on fire. The fact that this was the fourth time that fire had occurred in that neighbourhood within the last three or four years, and that on each occasion great destruction of property had ensued, caused much confusion, and, in the hurry to save goods and furniture, the fire soon gained head, and ignited the opposite dwelling-house, which was also of wood. A fresh breeze from the westward quickly spread the flames, and, before the alarm was given throughout town, at least a dozen houses were enveloped in flames. It was a long time before the engines arrived, and when they did they could do but very little, in consequence of the narrowness of the street, and the want of water. The fire was permitted to rage until forty houses had been destroyed, when permission from the authority was obtained to pull down some buildings to stay the progress of the flames. This was now attempted, but so rapid was the progress of the fire, that the persons engaged were repeatedly compelled to fly from it; and before it could be subdued, fifty-four dwelling-houses were entirely destroyed, besides stores and other buildings. The fire was in that part of the city where a great many poor families reside, and we presume the property was only paptly insured. The Quebec Fire Office lost $11,360; the Alliance $14,000, and the West of Scotland office, $300—total insured $28,360.

Something New.—Last week as some of the attendants in the Cemetry of Mr. Bonaparte, were about to commence their labours for the day, they observed upon one of the trees within the enclosure, a huge *wild panther*, who lay "hushed in grim repose," among the branches. Awakened by the approach of some of the men, for the most of them, wisely kept aloof,—the illustrious stranger from the country, glared fiercely at them out of the maleious corners of his eyes, until they began to deare themselves absent. Mr. James T. Cors, however, the worthy host of the *Old Lebanon*, accidentally passing that way, made a noose of rope, which he very adroitly flung over the neck of the ravenous beast, that stood ready to spring upon him, and brought him to the ground. He was remonstrated with considerable difficulty, and has reluctantly taken lodging at the *Lebanon*, where he is now to be seen.—*Phil. Gaz.*

Hon. George L. Kinnard.—It is with pain we announce that the Hon. Geraldus L. Kinnard, who was so badly scalded a few days ago, on board the steamboat Flora, died at the hospitable dwelling of Gen. Lytle, on saturday the 3d inst. and was buried with distinguished marks of respect.

His remains were escorted to the grave by the elegant uniformed companies of Captains Bowman and Richards, as well as a large concourse of citizens. The military escort fired the usual salute upon such occasions.

Mr. Kinnard was aged about 35 years, and was a highly respectable member of Congress, from Indiana. His death is rendered the more distressing, as we understand he was on his way to this city, with a view of being married to a lady, whom he intended taking with him to Washington. The affliction will be painful to her in the extreme.—*Penn. Inq.*

Wreck of the Bristol.—The British Vice Consul at New York went down to Rockaway, to visit the scene of the late disaster, in consequence of the statements that a number of the dead bodies, which had been washed on shore, had not been buried. He found only sixteen full grown bodies, and that of one child, which had been washed on shore—all of which were buried in the enclosure at the school house.—Seventeen dead bodies floated on shore—11 men, 3 women and 1 child—they were removed by the coroner to the school house in the rear of the Pavilion, and with the exception of one or two who have been claimed by their friends and removed to the city, all were buried in one grave, but in separate boxes or coffins. The last burial took place on Saturday, having kept the bodies as long as proper to give an opportunity to their friends to recognize them. The coroner has ninety-six sovereigns, found on the person of Dr. ——, and sixteen sovereigns, taken from the pockets of a red haired man, about five feet high, not recognized. The second mate, has a list of the steerage passengers, which will be published by the Consul.

Oil and lemon juice is said to have been found efficacious in the treatment of the plague, now prevalent on the shores of the Adriatic.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The American Powder Company, a part of whose establishment was lately blown up at Acton, have given to the families of the two men who were killed, the sum of $500 each.

The liberal sum of $1126 was contributed by the inhabitants of St. Louis, at a fair recently held in that city for the benefit of the orphans who are under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Venerable Bird.—A partridge, perfectly white, was shot lately at York, Pa.

The London Observer says, that Forrest has made $300,000, and that he intends soon to retire from the stage, and become a member of Congress.

Absence of Mind.—The latest instance of absence of mind on record, was that of a certain butcher, who, on going to prepare a beef for market, skinned himself, and did not discover the mistake until he had sold several pounds.

A good Example.—The sum of $200 has been appropriated by the town of Bristol, R. I. for the purchase of fuel for the poor during the winter.

A female Impostor.—*A deaf mute*, has been making money by the suppression of her sex's privileges.—The constraint was, however, too great for her, and her tongue proclaimed her imposter.

The Globe announces the arrival at the seat of government, of the Arkansas senators. One is Mr. Sevier, and the other a Mr. *Yell*. A real Red Rover name; but we hope he will not prove himself to be so much of a *screamer* as his name indicates.

Another Bank.—It is stated that application will be made to the next legislature for the establishment of a new bank in the borough of Pottsville.

Hempstead Rail Road.—Application is to be made to the Legislature for the incorporation of a company, to construct a rail-road from Hempstead to South Bay, with a capital of thirty thousand dollars.

Comfortable.—The editor of the Boston Morning Post, of Wednesday, announces that no paper will be issued from that office on Friday, as he intended to eat that turkey he won on the Pennsylvania election, at his leisure. Happy fellow.

Trial for Murder.—Henry Fisher, was tried in Baltimore, on the 24th ult. for the murder of a female, was acquitted, but as found guilty of larceny in stealing property from the woman he was charged to have murdered, and sent to the Penitentiary for two years, one twentieth of the time in solitary confinement, on bread and water.

Rather Squally for Hogs.—A Mr. Draper & Co. advertises in the Salt River Journal, that they are preparing a large and convenient slaughter house, at *Hannibal*, Missouri, where they will slaughter 400 of the swinish multitude per day.

Anne Donegan, a native of England, twenty-eight years old, who lived at Bergen Hill, New Jersey, was killed by a fragment of red, from a blast near the house. She was engaged, at the moment of the blast, in removing from danger her little child, which was standing at a short distance from her door, looking at the movements of the workmen.

A Quebec Pig.—A pig measuring only four feet three inches from tail to snout, and weighing 275 lbs., was killed by Mr. Ruthman, butcher, of Quebec. It was fed by Mr. Anderson, of Beauport Mills. Two other pigs of the same litter, each weighing nearly 400 lbs. were killed by Mr. Ruthman at the same time.

The Elizabethtown Journal contains a notice of an application for a Gum Elastic Manufacturing Co. with $50,000 capital.

Mr Benj. Landon, aged 28, was found dead in the road at Northfield, (Conn.) a few days since, supposed to have been thrown out of his one horse wagon, while in fits, to which he was subject.

The annual expense of bread stuffs for support of the people of the United States, may be set down, in round numbers, at two hundred millions of dollars.

The fire individuals taken up for robbing the wreck of the Bristol have all been liberated on bail, to appear and answer.

By a decree of the last Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Mrs. Dorcas, wife of Mr. John Smith, Jr. of Boston has been divorced from him. He is unable to marry again, his wife having been the applicant for the separation, but the lady is at liberty to make another choice.

Accounts from Naples speak of an attempt made by Miss *Penelope Smyth* to persuade the Prince of Capua to crown her Queen of Sicily.

Sick as Tasso.—The Nachtwachen Gazette says.—"We have seen a specimen of all in the possession of a friend, made in Texas the present season by the wife of Col. John Thomas, residing near San Augustine, of as fine quality as any ever brought to market.

Steamboat accident.—The steamboat Vincennes, in descending the Alabama river, recently, when near Claiborne, was discovered to be nearly full of water. On pumping her out, it was found that a snag had entered very high up, and on lighting her, by throwing over bales of cotton, the leak was stopped, and she proceeded on her voyage.

We learn by the Freehold (N. J.) Inquirer, that on the 8th Dec. and following days there took place at that town under the direction of an examining committee, a series of experiments with a new propelling power for Railroads, invented by Mr. E. Emmons of that town, and called the Spring Power Locomotive. The speed is computed at from 70 to 100 miles per hour! and that entirely effected by springs, of which there are 500 in the Locomotive. No danger of explosions here.

French small Coins.—Coins of four different descriptions from two to ten centimes have lately been struck in France, from iron alone, as attested by M. Dumart, the lowest of nearly the value of two-fifths of the American cent, and the highest of about the value of two cents. They bear the King's effigy on one side, and on the other the legend *Dieu protege la France*, with the value of the coin in the centre.

Hydrophobia.—The Sussex (N. J.) Register, of the 28th ult. mentions the death of Nathan Smith on Thursday last of this disease, in the vicinity of Stanhope.

From Tobasco.—A letter from the American Consul, at Tobasco, mentions that the government is determined to throw the country into the hands of Spain, sooner than let the federal party get into power. A commissioner has been sent to Spain, to request the assistance of that country, for the privilege of trade. Americans are insulted on every opportunity.—*N. O. American.*

Railroad and Cars Burnt.—A slip from the Winchester (Va.) Republican office on the 1st inst. says.—"One of the houses erected at the railroad depot was last night, about 10 o'clock, discovered to be on fire. It was entirely destroyed, with its contents, consisting of the burthen cars three that arrived last night laden with dry goods, groceries, salt, &c. About 20 yards of the railroad was also burnt.

The fall of snow at Three River, Lower Canada, Nov. 24, was five inches deep.

The journeymen tailors of Toronto, U. C. struck on the 17th ult.

Church Burnt.—The Exeter News Letter states, that the Methodist meeting-house in Greenland, N. H. which has lately been removed and handsomely finished, was consumed by fire on the 19th ult.

The Michigan folks are taking measures to get up another State Convention, in order to reverse the decision of the former one, and accept the terms of admission into the union prescribed by Congress.

Statue to Shakespeare.—A colossal statue to Shakspeare is to be erected in London, designed by Dr. Carque. It is to be raised on an elevation of 200 feet above the level of the Thames. The pedestal is to be 60 feet, and the statue 50 feet high. This is a larger statue than was ever erected to any individual. The cost is to be 20,000 pounds. The king and queen had consented to be the patrons and patronees of the project.

A sad presentiment.—The editor of the "Herald," published at St. Joseph, a town in Michigan, three months old, is, according to his own account, in an awful predicament. His only journeyman has 13 little impressions to take care of, and has been for weeks hunting for a root to shelter them. His devil is sick, and he has to do all the work himself. He begs hard for help, but candidly says he cannot offer many inducements.

Counterfeit Bills.—The Canada rogues, says the Montpelier Watchman, of the 23d ult., are flooding this section with counterfeit $10 bills on the State Bank at Boston. Red vignette in the centre, with a ship, payable to A. Jackson, new emission.

Mexico and Cuba.—Captains arrived at New Orleans from Havana contradict the report that a Mexican vessel had been seized there; on the contrary, they say that a brig from Vera Cruz and another from Campeachy were admitted in that port, though the captains were requested to lower the Mexican flag at the entrance of the port. A Spanish brig left Havana for Vera Cruz on the 2d or 3d of Nov. with Spanish produce; thus the commercial intercourse between Mexico and the mother country is *de facto* renewed.

A writer in the Journal of Commerce calls the attention of merchants to a frequent practice of their porters, leaving large fires in the stoves and grates at night, to save the trouble of making up new ones in the morning. In England, the writer says, this practice would vitiate a policy of insurance.

The official canvass in Ohio gives Gen. Harrison 8,724 majority.

Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, has resigned his seat in the Senate of the U. States.

The ship Lauren, Capt. Brown, from Singapore, arrived at this port some days since, had on board a Boa Constrictor, which died three days previous to the ship's arrival, after having lived without eating some three or four months.—*Bost. Gaz.*

The Cincinnati Gazette of a late date, says.—"We understand the pork market has opened in Cincinnati within a day or two, at *seven dollars per hundred*. This is a full price for the growers of pork. It is not probable that there can be an advance upon it."

Libel Suit.—The publishers of the Missouri Republican charged Judge Lawless with a gross neglect of duty. He brought a suit against them for libel, in which the damages were laid at $10,000. The defendants filed a plea of justification, and the result of the trial is a verdict in their favor.

North Carolina.—Willie P. Mangum has resigned his seat as a Senator of the United States from the State of North Carolina. His term of service would have expired on the 3d day of March next.

Mr. Ellis, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, had made a lengthy report upon the condition and prospects of Texas, accompanied by resolutions, empowering the President to appoint Commissioners to treat with the Government of the United States for the admission of Texas into the union.

A King in Trouble.—King William of Holland, says a Brussels paper, has lately been cited by the Society Generale (the bank) before a civil tribunal of Brussels, and condemned by default to reimburse a sum of 17,000,000 florins together with interest.

Melancholy Death.—On Saturday last, Gurden Burgett, a resident of Elysia, Ohio, but at work in a neighboring one, was so severely injured by a kick from a colt, that he expired on the following day.

Fatal Accident.—The Gettysburg, Pa. papers mention a singular and melancholy accident that occurred in the vicinity of that borough. A youth named John Culp, aged about 12 years, a son of Mr. George Culp, residing a short distance west of the town, was returning home from school, and while running and leaping, with his school mates along the way he fell, and dislocated the bones of his neck, and died on the spot.

Savannah, Nov. 24.—We understand that the Banks of this city will discount, particularly for importing houses and wholesale merchants, business paper, having three, six or nine months to run, so as to give greater facilities to the trade of the city with the interior of the state.—*Georgian.*

Speaking of the unparalleled speed of the locomotive on the New Jersey railway, the Rahway Advocate observes, "two inches more of steam, Mr. Smith, and the trip through would not have been observed at all." This is about equal to the company who advertises to convey passengers on their line, *even quicker than they can stay at home.*

Horace Vernet, the celebrated French painter, has been commissioned by the emperor of Russia to select a number of the most able sculptors and painters in France, to ornament the principal squares of St. Petersburgh with statues of the great men of Russia, and to raise several monuments in honor of the army. There is not at present a single sculptor of eminence in Russia.

The owners of Rololph, the Kentucky Horse, or in the style of the West, "The conqueror of the West and South West," have challenged the owners of Bascombe to meet them on the course at Lexington to run for $20,000 a side, offering $1000, to the owners to cover their travelling expenses.

It is said that children born and bred upon the *Graham* principal, are warranted to live a hundred years.—*Dalham Adv.*

Plain Ladies Attend.—A Mr. Ashby in Salem, advertises for sale "2000 *Plain Ladies Fur Soles!*" This reminds us of the merchant who advertised "*Red Children's Stockings!*" We wonder if the sales in question would not answer for handsome ladies as well as for plain ones? Plain ladies generally have souls of their own.

Another Steamboat Sunk.—We learn from a respectable source, that the new steamboat, Cahawba, sunk near the mouth of the Ohio river, a few days ago. Further particulars not learned.

The Apalachicola Gazette of November 16, says, "We are informed that during the heavy blow a few days since, the schr. Dolmutha, of Baltimore, which was lying at anchor in the Bay at St. Joseph, parted her cable and was driven ashore, where it is expected she will prove an total wreck.

Georgia Legislature.—The Van Buren resolutions on the Presidency, have passed the Senate by a strict party vote, 48 to 33. The committee on finance have reported in favour of accepting the State's portion of the surplus revenue, and directing it to be appropriated to the construction of rail-roads, and the proceeds of the rail-roads to be appropriated to the purpose of education.

The Milwaukie Advertiser says: Forty-five thousand dollars have been subscribed for the purpose of constructing a steamboat to ply between this place and Chicago. It is to be 250 tons burthen, to cost not more than $50,000, and is to be delivered by the fourth of July next."

Another Fire.—A barn belonging to Dr. J. Hunt was partly consumed by fire on Wednesday afternoon. A boy between 11 and 12 years of age was taken up, and after a full examination, committed to jail to await his trial at the next court, for setting the barn on fire.—*Hudson Gaz.*

The river at Bangor (Me.) Nov. 29, was frozen for several miles down. Skating had commenced, and 20 sail of vessels caught below, were hard at work to break their way through the ice.

Lead in Missouri.—A new and very valuable mine of lead has been discovered in the county of Morgan, Missouri. A farmer found it while quarrying rock about thirty miles from St. Louis. The quantity is said to be abundant, and the mineral upon being assayed was found to contain seventy-five per cent. of pure metal.

William the Fourth has contributed fifty pounds towards repairing Shakspeare's monument in Stratford Church.

The sister of Miss Penelope Smith Princess of Capua, has just been married to a nobleman of Naples.

Paris, Oct. 22.—The Duke de Nemours will take his departure to-morrow for Africa, to join the expedition against Constantia.

The Havre papers notice an atrocious murder by robbery of an aged gentleman's niece, a young girl of 17, and his maid, aged 40.

All three were found dead in the morning killed apparently by blows with a heavy instrument, and the house rifled of every thing.

Wonderful Spring.—A Tennessean describing his property for sale, thus speaks of the waters of a spring:—"The waters of this spring possess peculiar qualities, for if taken and a few drops of *good old peach*, and drink freely of it, it will produce the most pleasing sensations, call forth the most endearing recollections, dispel gloom from the mind, brighten rueful ideas, revive the warm glow of friendship to the tongue, and most astonishingly fructify the mind."

The Tide stayed.—The middle of last October, the waters of the Elbe, at Hamburg, were observed to remain stationary for twelve hours, as if the moon had lost her influence over the sea, or as if the waters had forgotten to rise and fall. Ships at anchor, which invariably turn and change their position according to the direction of the tide, remained all day motionless. A similar phenomena was observed on All Saints day, in 1755, at the time of the memorable earthquake at Lisbon.

Killing Wives.—Judge Edwards, of N. York, in sentencing Samuel Ackley to death for killing his wife, remarked that during the few years he had presided in Court, no less than six instances of men murdering their wives had been tried before him.

New Orleans, Nov. 15, 1836.—Seamen.—The ship Grace Brown, bound for Liverpool, which cleared from this port, had the greatest difficulty in procuring a crew. She was obliged to give $60 per month. The former rate was but $25. The inconvenience and delay attendant upon the present system of obtaining seamen as well as the extortion which is practised, calls loudly for legislative action. The abuses have been allowed to accumulate to their present intolerable extent, for the circumstances that vessels visiting this port, are from the most part owned at the north, and that no loss has resulted to our citizens.

Cannon and bells for music.—The idea of the French leaders of orchestras to heighten the effect of music by bells and cannon, was brought into practice at Ghent on the 12th ult. at the inauguration of the Casino. Among other performances, a song of the fifteenth century, found in manuscript in the library of Cambray, and attributed to the composer, Guiraud de Hoedt, was given as an introduction to a triumphal march, with accompaniments of the cannon and great bell of the church, and explosions of real cannon.

Exploring Expedition.—This expedition will rendezvous at Norfolk forthwith, and sail some time during the winter. It will consist of the United States frigate *Macedonian*, Master Commandant Armstrong, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Thomas A. C. Jones.

The Barques *Pioneer*, Lieutenant Com. Tatnall, and *Consort*, Lieutenant Com. Glynn, both built for the service at the Boston yard.

The store-ship *Relief*, Lieutenant Com. Dornin, built at the Philadelphia yard, and the schr. *Pilot*, built at the New York yard.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

The following accounts have been received from Africa: "A letter of the 11th from Bona states that on the 5th Ahmed Bey had attacked the camp at the head of about 400 men, but had been repulsed by Youssouf's cavalry with considerable loss. Twenty heads had been sent to Bona, and it had been counted on the points of the bayonets on the return of the troops encamped."

Foreign Grain.—Very little of the foreign grain remains in market. The sales during the week have been twenty-three thousand three hundred bushels about one third of which is to arrive. The prices have been a shade higher than the previous week—viz. 3,800 bushels of white Dantzic wheat at $2.12½; 7,500 yellow Russia do. $2.06½; 3,000 red German $2.12½; 4,000 Brescan do. $2.06½, and 5,000 do. of rye from Trieste, at $1.37½.

Horrid Suicide.—A coroner's inquest was called at Catskill on Saturday last, to view the body of an infant about two weeks old, found dead that morning in the bed with its mother. The jury found a verdict to the effect that the child came to its death by certain blows inflicted on its head and face by its mother, while in a state of intoxication! The Catskill Messenger is charitably of the opinion that the act was committed unconsciously. The mother, however, is little less a brute, if it was so.

Spain.—Gen. Lebeau's column composed of the legion from Algiers, also Spaniards and Polish lancers, had been severely attacked in front of Peresta la Reyna. The Carlists were repulsed with great loss.

The entire rebel force of Gomez, Cabrera, Quiles, Serrudor, Patilos, and Orejetta, who pillaged and devastated Cordova, and the neighborhood do not exceed 6000.

It is said Gomez has since been beaten by Alaix leaving 1500 dead and 1200 prisoners.

American infernal machine.—The Methuen Falls Gazette contains an account of the explosion of an "infernal machine," at that place, on Monday last. An old, rusty gun barrel, heavily loaded, was placed directly in front of the meeting house, where the choir was assembled for the purpose of singing. One of the pieces, when it exploded, went directly through the front window of the meeting house, and lodged in the room of a house directly opposite, but providentially no person was injured by it. No person has been suspected of the deed, although it is well ascertained that it was placed there for the murder of some one or more persons.

A Fallen Angel.—The New York Star tells us that an honest and industrious poor man of that city, had his wife brought on the deserting him and his children, and giving herself up to a life of infamy and intemperance, in the lowest resorts of the Five Points. She was a young woman, possessing the most beautiful features, and her ruin is entirely to be attributed to an acquaintance with various characters, who lured her to drink, and then by their advice urged her to desert her family, and reduced her to the state of brutal degradation in which she was found. She was sent to prison.

Premium for waste of Time.—Miss Caroline Barnes of Baltimore, Md. received a diploma from the American Institute, for a Quilt containing 27,344 pieces, exhibited at the late Fair at New York. This reminds us of an anecdote related of Mrs. N——, the confectioner. A lazy loper who had a family of young children to support, importuned her for charity, asserting that he could get no employment. "I don't wonder at it," said the shrewd but kind hearted and benevolent woman, (slipping at the same time however, a shilling into his hand.) "you are fit for nothing but to set carroway seeds on end."—*Transcript.*

An Election in Texas.—The author of a recent work, "A Visit to Texas," gives us some incidents during an election which he attended, as a specimen of the character and manners of the patriots who live in that new republic. The election was held on a Sunday. A barrel of whiskey was mounted on a cart, from the spigot of which all drew, and refreshed themselves as often as they pleased. The alcalde or magistrate of another place near by, was elected a member. He was a fugitive from the United States for murder.

Counterfeit Caught.—A man calling himself Orman Mills, was arrested in the upper part of the city, by Constables Adams and Porter, and committed to prison. In his possession was found a large roll of counterfeit bank notes amounting to about $2,000, including lives of the bank of the United States, dated Nashville, May 1st, 1834, I. Nichol, President, Jno. Summerfield, Cash'r.

Tens of the bank of Pennsylvania, payable to J. Swift, and signed Jas. P. Norris, President, J. Tuttle, Cashier.

Twenties of the Farmers and Mechanic's bank of Phila. payable to G. Hurd, J. Tagert, Prest. W. Patton, jr. Cash'r.

Tens of the bank of Delaware, payable to C. Jones, and dated Wilmington, 10th April, 1836, Joseph Bailey, Prest. Wm. Paxson, Cash'r.

All these notes are miserably executed—the engravings, especially the vignette, very coarse, the paper light and signatures stiff.—*Buffalo Jour.*

Warning.—The death of Mr. Ezekiel Clark, should prove a warning to all those who have or wish to have India Ink inserted in their skin, by tatooing. A month or six weeks ago, Mr. Clark submitted to an operation of that kind, wishing to have his name cut on his arm. Inflammation ensued after the ink had been inserted, attended with most violent pain. It was soon found necessary to call in a physician. Medical skill proved of no avail. The pain and inflammation increased, until about two weeks ago, when he had seemingly become so much better, as to justify the belief that he would eventually recover. The appearance of returning health was deceptive. In two or three days the pain and inflammation returned with increased vigor, and on a Tuesday morning he died. Apart from the very bad taste of having your arm and breast stained with India ink or any paint, and the other disfigurement it produces, the great danger of undergoing such an operation, should deter every one from submitting to it. Parents cannot too deeply impress the danger of it on the minds of their children.—*Ball. Chronicle.*

Yorkville, N. C. Nov. 14.—Interesting Occurrence.—On the 26th ult. while some of our village boys were out bird hunting, late in the afternoon, on their return home, about a mile from the village, Master Benj. F. Sadler, a youth of 12 years, fell a victim to death under circumstances most appalling. Some of the companions were engaged around a tree, looking for a squirrel, when little Benjamin, in a resting attitude, was leaning the side of his face on his loaded shot gun—when, from some cause or other unknown to his associates, the gun went off, and the contents passed through a part of the forefinger of his right hand, which was resting on the point of the muzzle, entered his face on the right side, about opposite and near the corner of his mouth, passing directly up, pulled out his right eye and entered his brain, which produced death in about 40 or 50 minutes.

A Newburgh Freight.—The steamboat Madison, Capt. Lily Perry, left Buffalo for Newburgh on the 9th ult. having on board among other articles an immense and various cargo of boots, from 12 to 1500 large, size or boot tubs and firkins of butter, 200 bbls. of flour, about 500 bushels of oats, 500 bushels of feed, 10 or 12 loads of machinery, a printing office, 40 or 50 buckets, barrels and boxes of poultry, a herd of cattle, a num-er of addition vessels, dry-goods, and between 300 and 400 passengers. This freight, we venture to say, will compare with any on record, and furnishes a fine specimen of the great business which is done in this line at this village. Notwithstanding this enormous load she left the dock without ceremony, and arrived in the city in good season, and deposited her cargo, which brought from 20,000 dollars.—*Newburgh Journal.*

From the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser, Nov. 24.

Loss of the Ship America.—News came per the steamboat Watchman, from Pensacola, last evening, that the ship America, Captain Aiken, from New York, bound to Mobile, was totally wrecked on the Tortugas, on the night of the 7th inst. Also, of the wreck on the Florida Reef of the brig Lowell, on her passage from Charleston to New Orleans.

The schooner Vesper, seven days from Key West, via Tortugas Island, arrived at Pensacola on the 23d inst. with the passengers of the two wrecks.

It was reported at Pensacola that the steamboat Marion was ashore between Appalachicola and Tampa Bay.

None of the passengers of the ship America arrived in this city yesterday on board the Watchman from Pensacola.

The Bird in the Bush.—We learn from English papers received at this office that the story which went the rounds of the American press a few months since, flattering nobility persons named Mosher, that by a sudden demise of a great-great-great uncle in England they had become the legal heirs to an immense estate, was all humbug.—The Manchester Times says it is all the work of a notorious swindler whose name is Joseph Addy, and who makes a business of announcing to persons by advertisements that he is in possession of information which deeply concerns them, as a means of extorting large fees for apparent services. Since the Mosher affair he has been detected in a similar trick at Manchester. He wrote to a gentleman that he was an heir to 3,450*l.* which he would put him in the way of obtaining if he would send him a 10*l.* order. It resulted of course, that the fortune was located in the moon.—*N. Bedford Gaz.*

Another attempt at Robbery.—Some villain or villains made an unsuccessful effort early on Sunday morning to rob the jewelry store of Mr. Hamilton, No. 2 North Sixth street. They bored an auger hole through the window shutter, in the rear, and commenced another some two or three inches from the first, intending to take out a piece through which to introduce the arm, and unkey the bolt. Their efforts were happily frustrated by a small dog, whose notes of alarm probably saved Mr. H. from another loss from these nocturnal depredations. The anger with which they endeavoured to effect their entrance, was found in the yard in the morning, and we hope may lead to the detection of the scoundrels.

Still another.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to rob the ready made clothing store of Mr. Walker, corner of 8th and Wood streets, on Saturday night or Sunday morning.—*Ledger.*

The case of Gibson.—It will be remembered that we sometime since gave a brief report of a trial for murder, which resulted in the conviction of the defendant (Thomas Gibson) of murder in the *second degree*. Reasons were immediately submitted for a new trial, and a deposition filed of the discovery of important evidence since the first trial. The whole matter was argued with great zeal and ability before the Honorable Judges of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on Wednesday last, when the Court decided that the defendant should have a *new trial*. The case was argued for the Commonwealth by H. M. Phillips, Esq. and by S. Allison, Esq. for the Defendant.—*Inquirer.*

CANAL AND RAILROAD TOLLS.

The amount of tolls received in the Treasury from the public improvements the last year, up to the present time, is	$917,877 38
To which may be added, the probable amount deposited and in the hands of Collectors,	60 000 00
Amount to the present time,	$977,877 38

The amount of toll received the last week at 17 offices heard from, is 13,119 dollars.

The tolls received the present year, ending on the 1st of December, will undoubtedly amount to *one million of dollars.*—*Pittsburg paper.*

St. Louis, Mo. Nov. 11.—Fatal Accident.—Mr. Ward, engaged as an artisan at the U. S. Arsenal, below this city, was accidentally shot a few days since, under peculiar circumstances. The benches at which the artisans work are arranged in a line. Mr. Ward was at work at one of the vices, and Mr. Johnson, a student of medicine under Dr. Beaumont, was at the next one repairing a patent rifle. The rifle was fastened in the vice, and the ramrod inserted to ascertain whether there was a load in the barrel, and left there. Mr. J., in attempting to unscrew the vice, accidentally caught his coat sleeve in the cock of the lock, drew it back, and the gun ex

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

HURRAH! HURRAH! FOR LAUGHING LOVE.

Air—"Not lost about the house."

Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing Love,
A fig for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!
There's care enough to darken all
Life's path where'er we roam;
The unfinished brood can o'er
The fireside board at home.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

The moody fiend—the haughty brow,
And the cold, majestic air,
May suit the slaves who worship them—
The power they cannot share;
But the smile that parts the rosy lips,
And the look of artless glee,
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart,
O, that's the love for me!
Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
A fig for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!

PARODY.

Scots wha hae nae siller red,
Scots whom Gin has often led,
Welcome to your merry bed,
Or to revelry.

Now's the night and now's the hour,
See the bonny tippler lower,
See the brandy bottle's power—
Grog and devilry.

See the waiter comes wi' more,
We are doomed to pay the score,
We will drain our purses lower,
But we'll have a spree.

Wha will be a sober knave?
Wha sae wise as to be grave?
Wha won't be the bottle's slave?
Let him homeward flee.

Lay the chairs and table low!
Drunkards fa' where'er they go,
Noses bleed at every blow!
Let us stand or lie!

Wha for super's thirsty stew,
Bottle corks will freely draw,
Drunkards reel or drunkards fa,
Drink the glasses dry!

Themistocles said, pointing to his son, 'here is the most powerful of the Greeks; for Athens commanded Greece, I commanded Athens, my wife commands me, and this child commands her.'

The word translated 'slanderers, in Timothy iii, 3, and that translated 'false accusers,' in Titus ii, 3, are 'female devils' in the original Greek of the New Testament.

Ties of Relationship.—An enraged husband was about to slay the lover of his wife.—"Stop, unhappy man!" cried the lady, 'you are about to kill the father of your children.'

A wise Cocher de Cabriolet.—'They want to make me join them, sir, in their ergeentes and nonsense.' 'Faith,' I said to myself, 'and what have you been—under the empire? "Cocher de cabriolet."—And under Charles X? "Cocher de cabriolet."—And under Louis Philippe? "Cocher de cabriolet."—And if there was a republic, what would you be? "Cocher de cabriolet." Then let the dynasty go on as it will. I'll not meddle with it, who will always be—cocher de cabriolet.'

Obedience.—'Certainly,' said a young lady, very seriously, to one then about to be married, —'Wives ought to obey in little matters, but the men naturally, in great.'

Ancestry.—'I laugh at my own ancestors, judge that, my dear fellow, what I might do with yours.'

"In our country," exclaimed an Italian, "in our country, sir, we have the ever burning Mount Vesuvius."

"Have you, indeed," replied a son of America, "and in our country we have the Falls of Niagara, which would put it out in five minutes."

A gentleman of Philadelphia, with his wife was one evening at a London theatre, when a dandy entered the box, and after looking round, remarked loud enough for the gentleman to hear —"There's nobody here." "Very true, sir," replied the gentleman. "He has just entered the box."

The bayonet was invented about 1640, at Bayonne; but it was not generally introduced until the pike was entirely discontinued, about sixty years afterwards. It was first carried by the side, and used as a dagger in close fight; but in 1690, the custom of fastening it to the muzzle of the fire-lock was commenced in France, and the example was soon followed throughout Europe.

Cannon were formerly dignified with great names. Charles V. of Spain had twelve which he called after the twelve Apostles. One at Bassie-Duc is called the "devil;" a sixty pounder at Dover Castle, is called "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol;" an eighty pounder at Berlin is called the "thunderer;" two sixty pounders at Bremen, the "messenger of the bad news." But cannon are at present denominated from the weight of the balls which they carry, six pounders, eight pounders, &c. &c.

True greatness and little greatness.—A friend related to us, the other day, the following anecdote which is altogether fact. A few years since he was passing up the Hudson river, in a steam boat, on his way to Albany. Among the crowd of passengers, there was a young man, elegantly dressed, and of a handsome person, but of very consequential manners, and who, in his own view cut a very important figure, with fine exterior, swelling strut, and conceited remarks. At the summons for dinner, he took his seat near the head of the table, and not far from our informant. The captain of the steam boat, soon after conducted to the head of the table a very respectable looking gentleman in a plain suit of black cloth, who with much ease and politeness began to officiate in the duties of his station.—Our gentleman of velvet and lawn, after peering over the table with an important and dissatisfied look, began to mutter some expressions of 'miserable table, bad cooking on board these steamers—must have a reform, &c.' The gentleman at the head of the table, very politely proffered him from every dish—but nothing would suit him —he was very sorry he could not meet his wishes —he found the dishes excellent for his part, &c. Our spruceman, after abusing the waiters, and nibbling a piece of cracker or cheese, took his brandy and water, and left the table in disgust —much to the gratification of the passengers.—On the deck, after dinner, our informant inquired of a fellow passenger who this overbearing and hard-to-be-suited personage was?—a journeyman hatter of the city. And who was the polite, affable and easily satisfied gentleman at the head of the table? then *Hon. De Witt Clinton*, at that time the *Governor of the State*.

A Remarkable Circumstance.—David Sands, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, being in the year 1798 in Ireland, after attending a quarterly meeting, felt a strong inclination to have a public meeting that evening. Some of his friends objected to it from the lateness of the hour, and proposed to have it held next morning; he said that would not do, and wished them to give notice in the neighborhood, as he thought if only half a dozen attended, his mind would be clear.

Notice was accordingly given, and a barn procured for the purpose. At a short interval from the commencement of the meeting, David Sands stood up, and said he believed that the meeting was appointed for one person only, and from his feelings and the impression made on his mind, he was sure that some individual in that assembly was meditating suicide, and had premeditated about his person, with that intent. He then spoke to him very forcibly on the subject, earnestly entreating him to think better of it, and return home and destroy his weapons; after which, he with words to the purpose, he sat down, and the meeting concluded.

The next morning a man of [illegible] called on him, and informed him that he was the person to whom he alluded the evening before; that for some time past he had formed the determination to destroy himself, and [illegible] [illegible] to hang [illegible] in the night [illegible] [illegible] with a determination to ride [illegible] a field at some distance, and put an end to his existence; but [illegible] passing by the place where the meeting was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club.

THE RETURN HOME.

AFTER THE CRICKET DINNER.

Eleven; twelve; one o'clock had struck, and the gentlemen had not arrived. Consternation sat on every face. Could they have been waylaid and robbed? Should they send men and lanterns in every direction by which they could be supposed likely to have travelled home? or should they——Hark! there they were. What could have made them so late? A strange voice too! To whom could it belong? They rushed into the kitchen whither the truants had repaired, and at once obtained rather more than a glimmering of the real state of the case.

Mr. Pickwick, with his hands in his pockets and his hat cocked completely over his left eye, was leaning against the dresser, shaking his head from side to side, and producing a constant succession of the blandest and most benevolent smiles without being moved thereunto, by any discernable cause or pretence whatsoever; old Mr. Wardle, with a highly-inflamed countenance, was grasping the hand of a strange gentleman muttering protestations of eternal friendship; Mr. Winkle, supporting himself by the eight-day clock, was feebly invoking destruction upon the head of any member of the family who should suggest the propriety of his retiring for the night; and Mr. Snodgrass had sunk into a chair, with an expression of the most abject and hopeless misery that the human mind can imagine, portrayed in every lineament of his expressive face.

"Is anything the matter?" inquired the three ladies.

"Nothin' the matter," replied Mr. Pickwick. "We—we're—all right. I say, Wardle, we're all right ain't we?"

"I should think so," replied the jolly host.—"My dears, here's my friend Mr. Jingle—Mr. Pickwick's friend, Mr. Jingle, come 'pon—little visit."

"Is anything the matter with Mr. Snodgrass, sir?" inquired Emily with great anxiety.

"Nothing the matter, Ma'am," replied the stranger. "Cricket dinner—glorious party—capital songs—old port—claret—good—very good—wine, Ma'am, wine."

"It wasn't the wine," murmured Mr. Snodgrass, in a broken voice. "It was the salmon." (Somehow or other, it never is the wine in these cases.)

"Hadn't they better go to bed, Ma'am?" inquired Emma. "Two of the boys will carry the gentlemen up stairs."

"I won't go to bed," said Mr. Winkle, firmly.

"No living boy shall carry me," said Mr. Pickwick, stoutly;—and he went on smiling as before.

"Hurrah!" gasped Mr. Winkle, faintly.

"Hurrah!" echoed Mr. Pickwick, taking off his hat and dashing it on the floor, and insanely casting his spectacles into the middle of the kitchen. At this humorous feat he laughed outright.

"Let's—have—'nother—bottle," cried Mr. Winkle, commencing in a very loud key, and ending in a very faint one. His head dropped upon his breast and muttering his invincible determination not to go to his bed, and a sanguinary regret that he had not "done for old Tupman" in the morning, he fell fast asleep; in which condition he was borne to his apartment by two young giants, under the personal superintendence of the fat boy, to whose protecting care Mr. Snodgrass shortly afterwards confided his own person. Mr. Pickwick accepted the proffered arm of Mr. Tupman and quietly disappeared, smiling more than ever; and Mr. Wardle after taking as affectionate a leave of the whole family as if he were ordered for immediate execution, consigned to Mr. Trundle the honor of conveying him up stairs, and retired, with a very futile attempt to look impressively solemn and dignified.

"What a shocking scene!" said the spinster's aunt.

"Disgusting!" ejaculated both the young ladies.

"Dreadful—dreadful!" said Jingle, looking very grave; he was about a bottle and a half ahead of any one of his companions. "Horrid spectacle—very."

"What a nice man!" whispered the spinster aunt to Mr. Tupman.

"Good-looking too!" whispered Emily Wardle.

"Oh, decidedly," observed the spinster aunt.

Mr. Tupman thought of the widow at Rochester; and his mind was troubled. The succeeding half hour's conversation was not of a nature to calm his perturbed spirit. The new visiter was talkative, and the number of his anecdotes was only to be exceeded by the extent of his politeness. Mr. Tupman felt, that as Jingle's popularity increased, he (Tupman) retired farther into the shade. His laughter was forced—his merriment feigned; and when at last he laid his aching temples between the sheets, he thought with horrid delight, on the satisfaction it would afford him, to have Jingle's head at that moment between the feather bed and the matrass.

AN IDEA CATCHER.

From Mr. Neal's witty and amusing sketches of "City Worthies."

Olympus Pump, (the genius of poetic temperament, much as he grumbles, could not exchange the coruscations of his genius, which flicker and flare like the aurora borealis, for a "whole wilderness of comfort," if it were necessary that he should entertain dull, plodding thoughts, and make himself "generally useful." Can he not, while he warms his fingers at the fire of imagination, darn his stockings and patch his clothes with the needle of his wit; wash his linen and his countenance in the waters of Helicon, and, sitting on the Peak of Parnassus devour imaginary fried oysters with Apollo and the muses?

But either "wool gathering" is not very profitable, or else the envy, of which Pump complains, is stronger than ever; for not long since after much poetic idleness, and a protracted frolic, he was seen in the witching time of night, sitting on a stall in the new market house, for the very sufficient reason that he did not exactly know where else lodging, proportioned to the state of his fiscal department, could be found. He spoke:

"How blue! how darkly, deeply, beautifully blue! not me myself, but the expanse of ether. The stars wink through the curtain of the air, like a fond mother to her drowsy child, as much as to say hush-a-by-baby to a wearied world.—In the moon's mild rays even the crags of care like sweet rock-candy shine. Night is a Carthagenian Hannibal to sorrow, melting its Alpine steeps, whilst buried hope pops up revived and cracks its rosy slats. Day may serve to light sordid man to his labours, it may be serviceable to let calabashes and squashes see how to grow; but the poetic soul sparkles beneath the stars. Genius never feels its oats until after sunset; twilight applies the spanner to the fire-plug of fancy to give its bubbling fountains way, and midnight lifts the sluices for the cataracts of the heart, and cries 'Pass on the water!'—Yes, an economically considered, night is the world's Spanish cloak; for no matter how dilapidated one's apparel may be, the kaps and windows cannot be discovered, and we look as elegant and as beautiful as get out. Ah!" continued Pump, as he gracefully reclined upon the stall, "it's really astonishing how rich I am in the idea line to-night. But it's no use. I've got no pencil—not even a piece of chalk to write em on my hat for the next poem. It's a great pity ideas are so much of the soap-bubble order, that you can't tie em up in a pocket handkerchief, like a half peck potatoes, or string em on a stick like cat-fish. I often have the most beautiful notions scampering through my head with the grace, but alas! the swiftness too of kittens—especially just before I get asleep—but they're all lost for want of a trap: an intellectual figgery four. I wish we could find out the way of sprinkling salt on their tails, and make 'em wait till we want to use 'em. Why can't some of the mesmer souls invent an idea catcher for the use of genius. I'm sure they'd find it profitable, for I wouldn't mind owing a man twenty dollars for one myself—ah, for an idea catcher!"

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

During the night of the 15th of January and on the morning of the 16th, all the baggage and all the incumbrances were put on board ship, and it was intended to remove the army that evening.—About 2 o'clock that afternoon, the French beat to arms, and prepared to attack the positions of the English. Half a league from Corunna, the English army, 14,000 strong, was drawn up on a low range of hills, the only position which their number and their object allowed them to occupy. A loftier range of heights encircled and commanded it within cannon shot, and on these the French had already taken post.

Marshall Soult had 20,000 men under arms.—From the lighter guns along his front, and from a battery of heavy calibre on his left, he opened a smart cannonade, and under cover of the fire moved down in three weighty columns to the attack. The first of these, throwing out its voltigeurs, and driving in the piquet, attacked the British right assailing the front and flank of Gen. Baird's division. The second column marched upon the British centre. The third, with less of earnest intention in the character of its attack, moved upon the British left, where the troops were commanded by Sir John Moore.

The horse of the commander in chief stood saddled for him to visit the out-posts just as the alarm was given. He rode thankfully to the field. The thunder of the guns and the rolling of the musketry had already begun to be grateful to the commander with a grave joy.

The battle was most furious near the village of Elvina, on the British right. In this quarter [illegible] [illegible]

gress of the stern combat in Elvina. Sir John Moore himself was struck upon the breast by a cannon shot; it threw him from his horse, but, though the laceration was dreadful, it did not deprive him of his mental energy; he sat upon the ground and watched the battle. His eye was steadfast and intent, and it brightened as he saw that all went bravely and well. The soldiers now put him in a blanket to carry him to the rear, as he did so the hilt of his sword struck him across his wound and caused him a sudden pang. Capt. Harding would have taken off the sword, but the general stopped him saying, "it is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me!" With these words he was borne from the battle. It was a long way to the town, and the torture of the motion was great, but the expression of his countenance was calm and resolute, and he did not sigh. Several times he made his attendants stop, and turn him around, that he might gaze on the field of battle.

After he was laid down upon a couch in his lodgings, the pain of his wound increased. He spoke with difficulty and at intervals. He often asked how the battle went, and being at last told that the enemy were defeated, he said instantly, "it is of great satisfaction to me to know that we have beaten the French." He was firm and composed to the last, once only, when speaking of his mother, he betrayed great emotion.—"You know," said he "that I always wished to die this way!"—The bitter agony of spirit which he had long endured was thus mournfully evinced. "I hope," he exclaimed, "the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!" these precious sentences were among the last which he uttered; his sufferings were not long, he expired with the hand of Col. Anderson firmly pressed in his own.

We shall not farther describe the action than by saying—that when darkness had put an end to the work of battle, not only had the French been repulsed at all points, but the line of the English was considerably advanced beyond the original position. The loss of the French was by their own admission, 3000; that of the British was about eight hundred killed and wounded.

The brigade of Gen. Hill and that of Gen. Beresford remained on the shore the 17th, to cover the embarkation of the army, which had began soon after the close of the engagement.—By night the victorious troops had filed down from the field of battle to their boats, and embarked. There was a moon, but it gave only a wan and feeble light, for the weather was misty and chill. Soon after nightfall, the remains of Sir John Moore were quickly interred in the citadel of Corunna. Soldiers dug his grave, soldiers laid him in the earth. He was buried in his military cloak, and was left asleep and alone upon a bastion—a bed of honor well chosen for a hero's resting place. This duty done, the officers of his personal staff went on ship board, in soldier's sadness, the silent mourning of men who knew no tears.

Sir John Moore has signalized his name in the West Indies, in Holland and in Egypt. His life was spent among the troops, among the troops he died; and to this hour, it is a distinction to any officer to have learned his duty under the eye and voice of Moore.

EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENT.

From Leitch Ritchie's Journal of St. Petersburgh, in Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1836.

The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul is remarkable for its spire, the loftiest of St. Petersburgh.

An anecdote connected with this Church, and not known, I believe, out of Russia, is too remarkable to be omitted. The spire which rises,

"—lofty, and light, and small,"

and is probably represented in the engraving as fading away almost into a point in the sky, is, in reality terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which an angel stands, supporting a large cross. This angel, less respected by the weather than perhaps his holy character deserved, fell into disrepair; and some suspicions were entertained that he designed revisiting uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and the government at length became seriously perplexed. To raise a scaffolding to such a height, would cost more money than all the angels out of Heaven were worth—and in meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts towards the angel, was a mujik called Telouchine. This man was a roofer of houses (a slater, as he would be called in countries where slates were used), and his speculations by degrees assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented a surface to the eye as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchine knew that the sheets of copper were not even, uniformly closed upon each other, and, above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which projected from the side of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances, till his mind was made up, the mujik went to the government, and offered to repair the angel, without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labor. The offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchine, provided with nothing more than a coil of ropes, ascended the spire in the interior, to the last window. Here he looked down at the concourse of people below, and up at the glittering "needle," as it is called, tapering far above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out upon the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of 2 large stirrups, with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, and placed his feet in the others. Then digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised up one of his stirrups with the other hand so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, and stirrup by stirrup, till his starting post was undistinguishable from the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled in his embrace, till he could clasp it all around.

So far, so well. But he now reached the ball —a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The angel, the object of the visit, was above this ball, and even concealed from its view, by its smooth round and glittering expanse. Only fancy the wretch at that moment, turning up his grave eyes, and graver beard, to an obstacle that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man.

But Telouchine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist; and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, till the soles of his feet planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the required direction, and he saw the end hang down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up in his original position to fasten the cord firmly around the globe, and with the assistance of this auxiliary to climb to the summit, were now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more Telouchine stood by the side of the angel, and listened to the shout that burst like sudden thunder from the concourse below, yet came to his ear only like a faint and hollow murmur.

The cord, which he had an opportunity of fastening properly, enabled him to descend with comparative facility; and the next day he carried up with him a ladder of ropes, by means of which he found it easy to effect the necessary repairs.

Kenilworth Castle.—A very majestic ruin, the whole not in such good preservation as Conway, or Caernarvon, but particular parts, ranges, and windows, much more perfect. It is curious that Leicester's part, the latest built, is in the most ruinous condition. The lake is drained, and the towers of the gateway, by which Elizabeth entered on the great occasion of her celebrated visit to the earl of Leicester, are fallen. It was not the principal gate of entrance; but was chosen that she might pass by the lake and receive the homage of the fantastic water gods. This lake was on the west side—a small stream now flows through its bed—and with that to diversify the scenery, it must, in that quarter, have presented a noble landscape. The park was formerly twenty miles round; but is now pasture and ploughed fields.

The walls of the buildings left standing are very lofty, but the ivy creeps to the very top, surmounts the loftiest towers, and spreads its living screen and soft curtaining over the richly carved windows. The banqueting hall was eighty-four feet long by forty-eight broad, and its windows twenty-seven feet high. Alas! the feast and song are gone; the gathering of nobles and the flourish of trumpets are here no more; but instead of them, I heard a single bugle horn at a distance that came softly up among the crumbling walls and mouldering arches, as if to wail over their desolations, and here and there, in the court yards, I saw pic-nic parties, carelessly seated on the grass, as if in mockery of the proud and guarded festivities and grandeur of former days. I thought with myself, that they must be more familiar with the spot than I was, to be able to sit down, and "eat, drink, and be merry."—*Old and New World.*

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

One of the most interesting objects in the fine collection of animals at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, is the Boa Constrictor. Carried up in a large box through the upper grating of which it may be conveniently examined, this enormous reptile lies for weeks in a quiet and almost torpid state. The capacity which this class of animals possess of requiring food only at very long intervals, accounts for the inactive condition in which they principally live; but when the feeling of hunger becomes strong, they rouse themselves from their long repose, and the voracity of their appetite is then as remarkable as their previous indifference. In a state of confinement the boa takes food at intervals of a month or six weeks; but he then swallowed an entire rabbit or fowl, which is put in his cage. The time having arrived when he was expected to require food, a live rabbit was put into his box. The poor little quadruped remained uninjured for several days, till he became familiar with his terrible enemy. On a sudden while our informant was observing the ill sorted pair, the reptile suddenly rose up, and, opening his fearful jaws, made a stroke at the rabbit, who was climbing up the end of the box; but, as if his appetite was not sufficiently eager, he suddenly drew back, when within an inch of his prey, and sunk into his wonted lethargy. The rabbit, unconscious of the danger, which was past for a short season, began to play among the scaly folds of his companion; but the keeper said that his respite would be brief, and that he would be swallowed the next day without any qualms.

All the tribe of serpents are sustained by animal food. The smaller species devour insects, lizards, frogs and snails; but the larger species and especially the boa, not unfrequently attack very large quadrupeds. In seizing upon so small a victim as a rabbit, the boa constrictor would swallow it without much difficulty; because the peculiar construction of the mouth and throat of this species enables them to expand, so as to receive within them animals of much larger bulk than the ordinary diameter of their own bodies. But in those cases where the serpent attacks a large quadruped, such as an antelope, he entwines himself round his prey, and by his great muscular power crushes the principal bones, so that the dimensions of the victim are considerably reduced, and after a series of efforts which sometimes approach to strangulation, the monster makes an end of his meal. There are stories of the boa constrictor destroying even the buffalo and tiger, by crushing them in this manner by the astonishing force of its muscles. We shall confine ourselves at present to a well authenticated account of a serpent of this species, which was brought from Batavia, in the year 1817, on board a vessel which conveyed Lord Amherst and his suite to England.

The serpent was of large dimensions, though of the very largest. A living goat was placed not in his cage. He viewed his prey for a few seconds, felt it with his tongue, and, then withdrawing his head, darted at the throat. But the goat, displaying a courage worthy of a better fate, received the monster on his horns. The serpent retreated, to return to the combat with more deadly certainty. He seized the goat by the leg, pulled it violently down, and twisted himself with astonishing rapidity round the body, throwing his principal weight upon the neck.—The goat was so overpowered that he could not even struggle for escape. For some minutes after his victim was dead, the serpent did not change his posture. At length he gradually slackened his grasp, and having entirely disengaged himself, he prepared to swallow the lifeless body. Feeling it about with his mouth, he began to draw the head into his throat; but the horns, which were four inches in length, rendered the gorging of the head a difficult task. In about two hours the whole body had disappeared. During the continuance of this extraordinary exertion the appearance of the serpent was hideous, he seemed to be suffering strangulation; his cheeks looked as if they were bursting, and the horns appeared ready to protrude through the monster's scales. After he had accomplished this task, the boa measured double his ordinary diameter. He did not move from his posture for several days, and no irritation could rouse him from his torpor.

Economy in Expenditure.—The following remarks of Mr. Dewey need to be often reflected upon by those inhabitants of our towns and cities who are straining every nerve, and sacrificing all that makes existence desirable, for the sake of money to lavish on the pitiful vanity of display. These reflections occur to the traveller on his passage in a steamboat from Paris to London.

I observed that a considerable number of passengers carried a comfortable picnic box or basket with them, and spread their own table. With some, doubtless this provision proceeded from a fastidious taste that feared some unknown dirt would be found in the common fare of a steamboat. But with many, I presume it arose from a habit, which presents a marked difference between the people of England and of America—I mean the habit of economy.

In America we are ashamed of economy. It is this feeling which would forbid among us such a practice as that referred to, and not only this, but a great many more and better practices. In England, economy stands out prominently, it presides over the arrangements of a family, it is openly professed, and bears no reproach. A man is not ashamed to say of a certain indulgence, that he cannot afford it. A gentleman says to you, "I drive a pony chaise this year; I have put down my horse and gig, because I cannot pay the tax." A man whose income, and expenses, and style of living far exceed almost any thing to be found among us, still says of something quite beyond him, which his wealthier neighbor does, 'we are not rich enough for that.'

One of the most distinguished men in England said to me, when speaking of wines at his table, "The wine I should prefer is claret, but I cannot afford it, and so I drink my own gooseberry."

I have heard that many families carry the principle so far that they determine exactly how many dinners they can give in a year, and to how many guests, nay more, and how many dishes they can put upon the table, when they do entertain.

This frankness on the subject of economy is among us a thing almost unheard of. Not that we are more wealthy, but, as I conceive, less wise. The competition of domestic life among us is too keen to admit of any such confessions of internal weakness. We practice economy by stealth. Nor is that the worst of it; for one consequence of this habit of feeling is, that we practice too little. When a stranger looks upon the strife of business in our villages and cities, he imagines that he sees a very covetous people; but a nearer observer would show him that much of this eager, and absorbing and almost slavish occupation, is necessary to sustain the heavy drains of domestic expenditure. This extravagance at home, chains many a man to the counter and counting-room. And this extravagance is of his own choosing; because he knows no other way of distinguishing himself, but by the style of living. Would he but conceive that he might better elevate himself in society, by having a well read library, by improving his mind and conversation, by cultivating some graceful but comparatively cheap accomplishment, he might live a wiser man, and die richer. Who would hesitate to choose between such a family, and one whose house was filled with gorgeous furniture; where the wife and daughters are dressed in the gayest of the fashion, and the husband and father banishes himself the livelong day, and half the night, from that pleasant mansion, to toil and drudge in the dusty warehouse? He sleeps in a very grand house; he lives in a counting room!

The character of the Gypsies, as found in England and throughout the continent of Europe, and the peculiarities attaching to their habits of living, are such as to induce a very general curiosity as to their history and origin. They are generally represented as fond of a wandering life, cunning, addicted to theft, and devoid of the qualities which dignify and adorn society, of the ordinary trammels of which they are extremely impatient. A writer from Russia, however, who had visited that country chiefly with the view of having intercourse and conversing with the Gypsies, says that at Moscow he found many of them living in large houses and surrounded by the luxuries and associations of high life. He describes their perfection in vocal music as very astonishing, and says that their choirs surpass any other for the richness of their voices and thorough knowledge of musical science. The same writer relates an anecdote of the celebrated Madame Catalani, who was so much delighted with a Gypsey female singer who had followed that wonderful vocalist in a performance before a brilliant audience, that she took from her own shoulders a shawl which had been presented to her by one of the sovereigns of Europe, and gave it to her rival. The Russian Gypsies, or Romances as they call themselves, resemble the members of the race in England—brown and for the most part beautiful, their eyes fiery and wildly intelligent, their hair, coal black and somewhat coarse. They said that their fathers came from Romancy land, but where that land was they knew not.

Former Times.—Light is intended by our Maker for action, and darkness for rest. In the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning. The king of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bedchamber at the same hour in the evening.—During the reign of Henry the Eighth fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon.—In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students dined at eleven forenoon, and supped between five and six afternoon. In the reign of Charles the Second, four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays. The diver[illegible]

ions of the day were tournament, tennis, hunting, racing, and such active exercises. Formerly active exercises prevailed among a robust and plain people—the milder pleasures of society prevail as manners refine.

Legend of the Drachenfels.—"In old times, says the tradition, the cavern which is seen on the summit of this mountain, was the retreat of a monstrous dragon to whom the neighboring inhabitants rendered divine honors and paid human sacrifices. For victims they selected prisoners of war.

One day they found among the captives a young lady of one of the best families of the country and who had been educated in the christian religion. So great was her beauty that the two rival chiefs of the victorious army disputed their claims to her as the reward of their valor. The seniors of the council decided that she should be offered to the dragon, to the end that her beauty might no longer produce dissension among the chiefs. The intended victim was clothed in white, crowned with flowers and conducted to the side of the mountain and bound to a tree, before which a stone served for an altar. A great multitude assembled to witness the terrible spectacle of the damsel devoured by the dragon. But among them all there were very few so insensible as not to compassionate the hard fate of the maiden who remained calm and collected, with her eyes steadfastly fixed on high. At the dawn of day the animal left the cavern and extended his claws towards the altar where he was accustomed to find his horrible sacrifice. The young christian was unmoved, she drew from her bosom the image of her Saviour upon the cross and presented it at the first approach of the beast. The animal fled affrighted and uttering dreadful cries, threw himself into the most profound retreat of the woods whence he never returned.

The people astonished by the miraculous deliverance, pressed around the young Christian, broke her bonds and regarded with admiration the crucifix. The captive instructed them in her firm reliance upon the cross and the power of the God whom she adored. They prostrated themselves at her feet and prayed her to return to her own people, and send them a priest who could instruct and baptize them in her miraculous faith. Thus, adds the tradition, the Drachenfels (or cave of the dragon) became the first receptacle of the true faith in these Cantons, and a chapel was erected in the place where had stood the stone which served as an altar to the demon."

This tradition, if genuine, is one among a thousand evidences that the early preachers of christianity availed themselves of the superstitious credulity of the Pagans; and relied upon other miracles besides those well authenticated in the holy gospels.

Query.—Is it more disagreeable to have no appetite for your dinner, or no dinner for your appetite!

Some men are very tall, while others are small in stature. If all men were of an equal height, this disparity would not exist.—*Galaxy.*

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

Leaves for Manure.—Few farmers are apprized of the value of leaves, and the soil which is formed by their decomposition for manure, and litter for cattle. A correspondent of the Bath Agricultural Society, in England, warmly recommends a species of manure, especially for potatoes, which is very easily procured by many of our cultivators, and we think deserves more attention and more frequent use than it has generally received. It is the employment of fallen leaves, and the mould which is formed by their decay, taken from woodlands. Thus, the writer observes, he has found an excellent substitute for other manure, and that the potatoes raised from the application of rotten leaves were more dry, mealy, and of a better flavor than those which had been manured by other substances.

In the New England Farmer, vol. vi. p. 102, in a valuable communication on this subject from a very respectable practical farmer, who dated Weston, Mass. with the signature J. M. G. He stated in substance, that the comfort of cattle would be insured by a supply of leaves for litter. That fallen leaves make a warm nest for hogs, which will much assist in their fattening. The gathering of leaves, where woodland is near, is much attended to in the best cultivated parts of Europe. The Swiss, who have to support a thick population on a rough and rocky soil, gather leaves wherever they are to be found, in their apple orchards, by the road side, and in their small cities the privilege of raking up the leaves from the side walks is paid for by the farmers. In Flanders they gather great stacks of them, and their beautiful cattle and horses have the benefit of most abundant litter.

"The gathering of leaves may be greatly accelerated by suitable management; a cart with ladders fore and aft, and long slats of boards to go from ladder to ladder, to secure the heaps; a sheet of tow cloth two yards square should then be laid on the ground, and the small heaps be raked into it; when full a man ties the corners of the sheet, and hands it to a boy who keeps on the cart and receives it; he unties the bundle and lets the contents go, and keeps treading all the while; in this way a load is soon obtained, and to the above tackling some little brush may be added to the sides of the load to build it up, and hold on the leaves. I have tried to use baskets to load on the leaves, but have found the above sheet to work easier and quicker, and in order to make it more durable, I have had a small rope sowed round the edge of it, and let out about eighteen inches at the corners, which makes it more easy to tie, and secures the sheet from getting torn. Such a sheet will cost about one dollar.

"In the use of leaves the hogs excel, for whether as a litter in the covered part of their stye, or whether thrown in moderate quantities in their yard, when miry, they soon work them and secure them from the power of the wind; when used for littering cattle, it is absolutely needful to work them with the dung. When the floor is cleansed in the morning, the dung, urine and leaves should be well worked and chopped together with the shovel before they are thrown out upon the heap; if it is not so done, the wind will surely take hold, and disappointment and disgust ensue; when so mixed, they will soon dissolve in the ground, and seldom any trace of them can be seen in the fall when potatoes are dug."

The same ingenious and scientific cultivator observes as follows:

"I have fixed my styes in such a manner as to have a small loft over them for leaves, with openings at the sides to draw out the leaves with a rake, and supply the hogs occasionally with fresh litter. I have also enclosed part of a shed in the barn-yard to store up a quantity of leaves to litter my cattle through the winter. The advantage is not confined to the mere addition of the leaves to the dung hill; it furnishes the means of preventing the waste of the urine of the cattle, and renders them more comfortable.

A writer for the New England Farmer, vol. xi. p. 322, is of opinion that leaves for manure should not be used too profusely. He thinks they should be used together with straw and refuse hay in the proportion of about one to four. And it may be the case that the tannin principle, and vegetable acids in leaves, when employed in two great quantities may prove injurious in some soils and for some crops. Further experiments on the subject are desirable. Perhaps a little quick lime scattered over the leaves at the time of their mixture with dung, or other manures, would neutralize and destroy such acids as might otherwise prove injurious.

While on a visit to a neighbor some evenings since, he showed us a part of his corn field which had formerly been a celery bed, on which he assured us the corn grew more luxuriantly and withstood the drought better than any other part of the field, although every part was manured, and ploughed alike. He ascribed, and as we thought with great propriety, the difference to the circumstance that that peculiar spot had been deeply penetrated with the spade in its preparation for the celery, and allowed the roots of the corn a better opportunity to search for food beyond the influence of the parching sun. This fact would seem to plead in favor of deep ploughing, and we hope the hint will be improved upon the ensuing season. We have ever been its advocate, and we have been so from a conviction of the common sense that was about the argument which presented itself to our mind in favor of the practice.—*The Farmer and Gardener.*

Instinct of Plants.—Dr. Hancock says if a vessel of water is placed within six inches of a cucumber vine, that in twenty four hours the vine will alter the direction of its branches, and not stop till it comes in contact with the water. And if a pole is placed at a considerable distance from an unsupported vine, the branches of which are proceeding in a contrary direction from the pole, the vine will in a short time alter its course, and not stop till it clings round the pole. But the same vine will carefully avoid attaching itself to low vegetables nearer to it, as the cabbage, &c. Dr. Darwin gives several instances of the instinct of plants.

The value of Apples and Peaches as food for live stock, more especially for swine, appears not to be so generally understood as it ought to be. The cutting down of orchards in whole or in part, continues; but the apple tree in this country is a regular bearer; and its fruit, whether sweet or sour, may very profitably supply the place of Indian Corn or Barley. Within a few days past, we have seen hogs that have had nothing but swill and the fruit that fell from the trees,—so fat that we do not believe they could raise a trot except in the greatest extremity.—*Genesee Farmer.*

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Hancock's Bridge, N. J. Sept. 24, 1836.

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Dr. Brandreth's offices, for the sale of the above pills, are 187 Hudson st. 1 Spruce st. 276 Bowery, New York, and 159 Race st. 1st door above Fifth st. Philada.

OBSERVE.—All the genuine Pills, sold by agents, have on them a label signed B. Brandreth, and the sides of the boxes are completely enveloped in yellow paper, signed by Benj. Brandreth, to counterfeit which is felony.

NOTICE.—Applications for agencies in the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, must be made to Mr. Wm. Wesner, at the general agency office, 159 Race street, Philadelphia. Always remember that no Drug store has the genuine Pills for sale. — nov 5—3m*

L. Francis.

MANUFACTURER and Importer of all kinds of Mathematical, Optical, Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, for Colleges and Schools. A large collection of the above together with a complete assortment of Chemical Tests and Reagents, constantly on hand. Also manufacturer of Dr. G. Pancoast's Patent Cauterizing, for the use of Dentists, to be seen at the store of the subscriber.

L. FRANCIS,
166 South 2d st. below Walnut.

Orders (post paid) promptly executed and forwarded to any part of the Union, for cash or approved acceptances. — oct 12—6t

Hide, Oil and Leather Store.

DAVID KIRKPATRICK, No. 21 south Third street, between Market and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, has for sale Spanish Hides, dried and salted, dry and Green Salted Patna Kips, Tanners' Oil, Tanners' and Curriers' Tools, and a general assortment of Leather, both finished and in the rough; all of which will be sold low for Cash, or the usual Credit.

☞ All kinds of Leather in the Rough wanted, for which the highest market price will be given, in cash, or taken in exchange for Hides.

*** Leather stored free of charge, and sold on Commission. — aug 13—6m

For Sale,

FARMS in Beaver County,—also a few unimproved town [illegible] and near Honesdale, Wayne county, Pa.

B. CHEW, Jr.
Office No. 80 Walnut st. Philada.

sep 29—6t

S. W. Sexton & Co.

WHOLESALE

CLOTHING STORE,

No. 342 Market Street.

sep 10—1y'37

Invalid!—One Disease.

HAST THOU ONLY—an impurity of the blood, which by impeding the circulation, brings on pain or derangement in the organ or part where such impurity of the blood settles. It is true, a variety or names may be given to this state of the blood—such as a violent bruise or fall, damp feet, indigestion, pain in the head, &c. &c. and although it may be said that these disorders have not their origin in impurity of the blood, yet the effect is the same; they all end in impurity of the blood; and our only object is to prevent the irritating influences being kept up, in other words the acrimonious humors, is continually to purge the body, so long as any unsound symptoms remain, with Dr. Brandreth's VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, which, if persevered with in sufficient quantities to produce copious evacuations, will assist nature to restore every organ to a state of health. This is on the principle of draining: we drain a marshy piece of land, and from a state of sterility soon produce a most abundant fertility; and so it is with the human body: when any thing is the matter with it we have only occasion to drain it by purgation—and experience has taught those who have adopted this reasonable practice, because consistent with our nature, that they have acted rightly, the result having been sound health. It is not more than 18 months since these Pills were introduced into the United States, but their sale has been altogether unprecedented, there having been sold of them in New York in that time, fully *one million five hundred thousand boxes*. And above 10,000 persons can be referred to in New York city, and nearly the same number in Philadelphia, who have become cured when every other means had become altogether unavailing, of diseases which appeared of the most opposite character, and in many cases where the dreadful ravages of ulceration had laid bare ligament and bone, and where to all appearance no human means could save life, have patients, by the use of these Pills, been restored to good health, the devouring disease having been completely eradicated.

DROPSY CURED.—Most extraordinary account.—The original letter is at Dr. Brandreth's office in Hudson st.

Louisville, October 7th, 1836.

Dr. Brandreth: Dear Sir—I feel it a duty I owe you in part, but more particularly the whole human race, to publish the miraculous and most astonishing cure, which myself and wife have both received, from your truly surprising Universal Pills. Oh! could I but do justice to a discovery so truly great—could I but clear away the foolish prejudices of an incredulous world—I feel that I could write for years, adding volume to volume in its praise, to effect so philanthropic a purpose. But alas! I am aware of the difficulties always attending an encounter with prejudice. So stupid are its votaries that miracles, even confirmed by the evidence of their own senses, would fail to convince them against a foolish preconceived opinion.—But if my testimony should serve to benefit a single individual, I shall feel myself amply repaid for my weak and humble efforts in disseminating so momentous and important a truth. You are at liberty to publish the following statement, which I do assure you, improbable as it may appear, is literally true in every respect.

Thirteen years ago, my wife and I were both taken in one night with a terrible pain in the side, attended with delirium, occasioned by poison being accidentally introduced into one of the dishes at supper. In consequence of not having skilful medical aid at the time, the poison infused itself into our systems and literally incorporated itself into our very natures. The consequence was, the blood became impure, and diseases of every kind began to display themselves, of which, however, dropsy was the most prominent. Our systems became bloated to an enormous size, rendering it necessary to undergo a tapping six or eight times each year. Nothing which could be done was left undone. Every medicine was used without success, until a friend suggested a trial of your celebrated Pills. Knowing in our hopeless situation a trial could not possibly render our condition more dreadful (even if that trial should prove fatal—for death, when compared to our excruciating misery, would have been far preferable,) I sent by a friend who was going East for a few boxes, tho' without faith in their efficacy, I must confess, for I was fully impressed with the belief that we were far beyond all human aid. I received your medicine, and we commenced a course according to the instructions. After the first two boxes a very strange sensation came over us—a glowing heat, attended with gentle purging, and copious perspiration, together with an elasticity of spirits, led our friends to believe us deranged for a time.

At the end of the fourth box, the water, which previously nothing but tapping had ever reduced, seemed to gush out in little rivulets from the pores of the body. Our size lessened one third, and our appetites became voracious. From a pale deadly hue, our complexions assumed a healthy and natural color; and after the eighth box not one single vestige of our former diseased state remained visible; since which time we have regained our health completely, and are now enjoying better health than we have ever enjoyed in the whole course of our lives. To your invaluable Pills alone are we indebted for this wonderful and almost incredible cure. It would be impossible to testify our gratitude in words—language is too feeble for our purpose. None but those who have been in a similar situation, (if indeed any other persons ever were, which I very much doubt) can estimate our unbounded gratitude.

So believe me,
Your ever grateful and sincere friend,
GEORGE ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Brandreth's office for the sale of the above Pills, wholesale and retail, is at 159 Race street, first door above Fifth st. north side, Philada.

NOTICE.—It is very important that whoever purchases these Pills, should be careful to have them from the appointed agents, one of whom is in almost every town in the United States—this is really very important, as there are so many imitations, that it is almost impossible to procure the genuine without adhering to this rule.—ABOVE ALL, NEVER get them from Drug Stores, as under NO CIRCUMSTANCES, are they ever appointed agents;—and it is their hands the counterfeits are principally in, therefore, never go to such stores—where so little honesty [illegible]. — nov 24—3ucow

Strong Inducement.

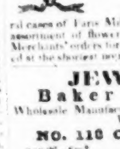
THE NATIONAL ATLAS holds out stronger inducements to patronage, perhaps, than any other periodical in America. The MAP EMBELLISHMENTS, are alone worth all the amount of subscription—while the letter press is of itself as cheap as any other publication; and in addition to this, we give a copy of, together with the BOOK OF NATURE, for Ten Dollars.

The book of Nature is a splendid work, just completed at the subscription price of $12—containing 240 very superior quarto copper plates, embracing many thousand finely engraved figures of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Shells, &c. &c. with a general review of Animated Nature.

Office No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philada. Published by SAMUEL C. ATKINSON

aug 27

Fall Fashions.



Mrs. S. Chambers, agt.

Respectfully informs the ladies and merchants, that she will open on Tuesday 27th inst. at her Millinery Establishment, No. 177 Chesnut street, above 7th, opposite Masonic Hall, Fall Fashions, consisting of Hats, Bonnets, [illegible] [illegible] and lace caps, and several cases of Paris Millinery, together with an extensive assortment of flowers, ribbons, silks, &c. Ladies' and Merchants' orders for dresses, bonnets, caps, &c. executed at the shortest notice. — sep 24—tf

JEWELLERY.

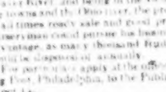
Baker & Suriver,

Wholesale Manufacturers of Jewellery suitable for the Western Trade.

NO. 118 CHESNUT STREET.

nov 26—6m*

For Wilmington—*Change of Hour.*



ON and after Monday next, 10th inst. the Steam-boat Wilmington, Capt. F. Black, will leave Arch st. wharf, Philadelphia for Wilmington, daily at 1 o'clock, P. M. until further notice.

oct 8—tf

A Farm to Rent.

A Farm of 280 acres, 40 or 50 of which is cleared (and 100 more may very easily be cleared) is offered to rent on very accommodating terms. The land is of first rate quality.

The farm adjoins the town of New Brighton on the Falls of Beaver River, and being in the vicinity of several flourishing towns and the Ohio river, the produce would command at all times ready sale and good prices. A gardener and nurseryman could pursue his business on it to very great advantage, as many thousand fruit trees, and mulberries could be disposed of annually.

For particulars apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, to the Publisher.

oct 14

Life Insurance.

THE Girard Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

CAPITAL $300,000.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Office, 159 Chesnut street.

Effect *Insurances on Lives*, grant *Annuities* and *Endowments*, and make contracts generally, into which the contingency of life enters; accept and execute *Trusts*, and receive *Deposits* of money on interest.

Rates for insuring One Hundred Dollars

Age.	One Year.	Seven Years, annually.	For Life, annually.
20	1 31	1 43	2 02
25	1 51	1 55	2 24
30	1 64	1 73	2 48
35	1 90	1 91	2 80
40	2 01	2 17	3 20

The Company accept *Trusts* of Estates and Property real and personal, and execute them in accordance with the wishes of the party and also receive *Deposits* of money on interest in one sum, or in such sums, weekly monthly, or at other periods of time, as may suit the convenience of the depositors.

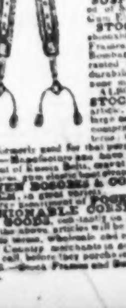
For further information apply at the office of the Company.

B. W. RICHARDS, Pres't.
JOHN F. JAMES, Actuary.

GEO. W. ASH, Treasurer. — nov 1 '36—ly

Philadelphia SUSPENDER & STOCK MANUFACTORY,

No. 20 South Fourth street, below Market St.



A. L. VANHORN & SON, respectfully inform the Western and Southern Merchants, that they manufacture and have constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of SUSPENDERS AND STOCKS, made in the most approved and fashionable styles.

SUSPENDERS—Manufactured of Silk, Cotton, Worsted, and Caoutchouc, of various qualities.

STOCKS—Made in the most fashionable styles, on the best Bristle Frames, of Silk, Satin, Mohair, Bombazine, velvet, &c. and warranted in point of workmanship, durability and shape, inferior to none made.

ALSO—SILK & BRISTLE STOCKS—A neat and handsome article, adapted to summer wear; a large assortment of them on hand comprising a great variety of patterns, which they are superior to any thing formerly used for that purpose.

Also—Manufacture and keep constantly on hand, an assortment of Russia Belts, morocco stiffeners, steel springs, shoulder braces, &c. [illegible] and garters.

LINEN BOSOMS & COLLARS, and ready made LINEN, in great variety.

[illegible] BOOKS, LADIES' FASHIONABLE CORSETS, & INDIA RUBBER GOODS.

The above articles will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail.

☞ Country merchants in general, are particularly invited to call before they purchase elsewhere.

N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the gross or dozen. — may 18—tf

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE Subscribers will sell at public sale, on Thursday, the 15th day of December next, on the premises, a valuable water-power Paper Mill, and tract of land, containing about 27 acres, situated on the East Brandywine Creek, in Uwchlan Township, Chester County, Pa. about 9 miles north-west of Downingtown, 9 miles from West Chester, 32 miles from Philadelphia, 3 miles from the Pennsylvania Rail-road and Lancaster turnpike, and very convenient to places of public worship of different denominations, Schools, Mills, Stores, Public Roads, &c.

The improvements are as follows, viz: a good and substantial stone Paper Mill and 2 stories on a large and never failing stream of water, 60 by 45 feet, 24 stories high, now in good running order, a large stone Dwelling House, 3 stories high, with a frame house adjoining it, 24 stories high, a stone tenant house, stone barn, and other outbuildings. There are near the buildings a never failing spring of water. The land is of a good quality, has been lately well limed and well fenced, and is now well set with grass. There is a reasonable proportion of woodland, and variety of fruit trees, such as Apple, Pear, Peach and Plumb trees, &c.

The water power is worthy the attention of the Manufacturer and Capitalist, as such a power, commanding the advantages that this does, is seldom offered to the public. The dam breast is built of large rock and stone, with a gradual descent down the stream, so that the largest freshets can do but little damage. The dam can be raised, if desired, so as to drive almost any amount of works.

The survey of the Downingtown and Reading Rail-road passes through the property, within a few hundred yards of the buildings, for which a Charter has been granted by the last Legislature, and part of the stock is sold. The whole of the above property has undergone a good repair within the last three years. A further description of this property is deemed unnecessary, as those wishing to purchase will doubtless come and view for themselves, or further information can be had by calling on either of the subscribers, John Belrose, No. 92 Chesnut street; William Curry, Vine street, near Schuylkill 3d, Philada. or James M. Dorlan, on the premises.

A clear title will be given to the purchaser, and possession given on the first day of April. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, on said day, when attendance will be given, and conditions made known by the Subscribers.

JOHN BELROSE,
WILLIAM CURRY,
JAMES M. DORLAN.

N. B.—The above sale will be positive. — nov 26—2t

The Western Dry Goods Store,

OPENED this morning from New York, 10 cases of French and fancy goods, at 264 Market street, below 8th—75 ps black and blue blk gros de Swiss, 20 ps blk and blue blk lutestrings, 20 ps rich fig'd satins, new patterns, 60 ps superb quality plaid gros de Swiss, 30 ps rich blk fig'd poult de soie, 20 ps rich fig'd chally, 100 ps 4-4 small fig'd French chintz, 50 superb white and blk cotton twill'd shirts, 10 doz rich embo'd belts, new style and patterns, 2 cases splendid ladies' embo'd and fine cravats, 1 case ladies' lynx skin boas, only $4, such as sell for $8; 1 case large lynx skin capes, $4 such as sell for $15; 50 doz hem stitch'd and printed linen cambric hdkfs; 25 ps plain challies, red, blue, pink and crimson, for children's dresses; ladies' splendid open work, and embo'd silk hose; 1 case sup Irish linen, little stained, at half price; plaid cambric, jaconet, and book muslin; 25 ps Hamilton French chintz, fast colors; 30 ps white, red and yellow flannel; 50 ps buckskin, cassimere and sattinets; 300 linen table cloths, all sizes, cloths, brown and blk muslin, 10 cases ladies' and children's beaver bonnets, ladies' beaver bonnets, assorted colors, assorted sizes, only $2, such as sell for $5; misses' cottage beaver bonnets, $1 75, such as sell for $4 50; 300 ladies' leghorn hats, slightly damaged, $1 50; case ladies' tuscan cottage shop bonnets, 75 cts., 50 pair new shawls, and 1 case fine linens, damaged; 65 pair 10-4 blankets; cotton and worsted stockings of all kinds, 200 3-4 blk merino damasks, 191 cts.; 100 large size flannel drawers, stained, only 50 cts.

Most of the above goods have been purchased within the last week, at the New York auctions, and will be sold at 35 per cent. cheaper than can be bought in this city.—We have received our goods from the New York auctions which enables us to sell them low. Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. They will be sold either wholesale or retail. — nov 17—2w*

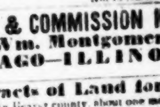
R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—NO. 32 NORTH STREET, below Sixth street.

(Between Market and Arch, and Fifth and Sixth streets.)

sep 9, '34—tf

GUM ELASTIC Over Shoes.



JUST received, a fresh supply of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gum Elastic Over Shoes, from $2.50 to $3.50 per pair. Also—Gentlemen's Boots, from $8.50 to $10 per pair, and Also—A good supply of Ladies' French Shoes and all kinds of Shoes. — SAML. D. [illegible], No. 17 North 7th street.

april 5 '34—tf

AUCTION & COMMISSION HOUSE,

By Wm. Montgomery,

CHICAGO—ILLINOIS.

jan 2 '36—ly

Two Tracts of Land for Sale.

SITUATED in Beaver county, about one mile from the Beaver River, and about 15 miles from its junction with the Ohio River. The soil is of good quality, principally covered with fine oak timber, which would more than pay for the price of the land.—Coal in abundance.

One tract contains about 140 acres, the other about 80 acres, more or less. Being situated so near the great Railroad route between the Ohio River and the Lakes, and convenient to the river, they will prove valuable. 20 or 30 acres cleared on each tract.

For further particulars apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philada. — S. C. ATKINSON.

oct 8—tf

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS,

Manufactured Wholesale and Retail

MRS. J. C. EVANS, respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she has just opened an assortment of French and other Flowers, of the newest [illegible] [illegible] for the Ladies of Philadelphia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Elegant Shaving Oil.

R. JORDAN & CO. have just received a quantity of Davat's Shaving Oil, a very superior article, and convenient for travelers, producing a permanent lather, and no caustic properties, and will render the skin soft and velvet.

ALSO—Price & Gosnell's celebrated Jessamine Cream, for Shaving, a very excellent article, and used in Europe to a great extent.

ALSO—Patent Chemical Tooth Powder. This Tooth Powder has been analized by the most eminent Physicians and Dentists of Paris; it renders the teeth perfectly white, even though they have been neglected for some time.

R. JORDAN & Co.
For sale by S. E. corner 3d and Arch, and N. W. corner 3d and Walnut.

aug 6—tf

Slaughter's Specific,

FOR the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, and Insanity. The Subscriber takes this opportunity of informing the public, that he has appointed GEO. S. CLEMENS, sole agent for the sale of his medicine, known by the name of SLAUGHTER'S SPECIFIC.

The author has found it necessary to make a change in the manner of putting up the medicine. It is now put up in eight ounce round bottles, sealed with the Subscriber's signature over the cork. The several kinds are wrapped up in strong paper, with a label on the outside, stating the disease for which the same is designed, with the subscriber's signature on the same.

JAMES SLAUGHTER, M. D.

The Subscriber having been appointed by Dr. Slaughter, sole agent for the sale of his celebrated Specific, takes pleasure in saying that he will at all times be prepared to furnish the same in its purity. The most positive evidence can be given of its superior efficacy in the diseases for which it is designed, and pamphlets treating on the above, and containing a great number of certificates, can be obtained gratis of the subscriber, by whom all orders for the medicine will in future be executed.

GEO. S. CLEMENS,
No. 187 north 3d street, Philada.

sep 10—6m

Just Published,

A NEW edition of TANNER'S Four Sheet Map of the United States, accompanied by an Index.

This edition has been very materially improved, besides the New Counties, New Towns, &c. throughout the different States, the Internal Improvements in each, whether in operation or prospective, are distinguished. The new Territory of Wisconsin is defined, Michigan, Missouri, &c.—in short, all the Southern and Western States have been remodelled from actual and accurate Surveys; and the entire Map may be said to exhibit the present geographical position of the United States. To this Map has also been added a large portion of Texas, showing its connection with the neighboring States at this most interesting period of its affairs.

The Index is arranged on a new plan, and affords every facility in identifying any particular place.

oct 22—to dec 31

CARPENTER'S

Family Medicine Chest Dispensatory,

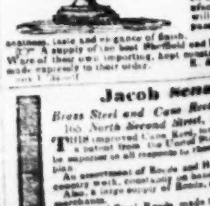
CONTAINING a select Catalogue of Drugs, [illegible] and Family Medicines, with the properties and doses of each article most approved of in domestic medicine, to which is appended, a concise description of diseases, directions for the treatment of each as are usually [illegible], various compounds—showing a set, the best remedies [illegible] be adopted, in those disorders and accidents which are destructive to life, when the physician is not at hand, until his assistance can be procured. For sale at

GEO. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, [illegible]

jan 2 '37—tf

Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork MANUFACTORY,

Southwest corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.



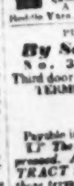
THE Subscriber [illegible] have constantly on hand a [illegible] assortment of Silver Plate, Spoons, Forks, [illegible] and every [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Ware of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, made expressly to their order.

[illegible]

Jacob Senneff,



Brass Steel and Cane Reed Manufacturer, 165 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

THIS improved Cane Reed, for which he has a patent from the United States, is found to be superior in all respects to those made of cane.

An assortment of Reeds and Heddles, for sale. Country work, constantly on hand. Also, a large supply of Reeds, suitable for [illegible].

Brass and Steel Reeds, made to order of the best materials, all of which he warrants to be of superior quality, and sold at the lowest prices. A general assortment of Reed Sleying Heddle Yarn, sold wholesale and retail.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By Samuel Coate Atkinson,

No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,

Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank.

TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 25, for six months.

Payable in Philadelphia without discount.

☞ *The above terms mean literally what is expressed. Any person, by subscribing, makes a CONTRACT ("as we understand it") to comply with those terms, the same as when purchasing any other kind of property at a stipulated price; a deviation from which cannot be claimed as a right.*

Papers discontinued only at the option of the [illegible] whilst arrearages are due.

*** Small notes of Solvent Banks, received [illegible] for subscriptions, &c. by mail.

☞ Unpaid letters not taken from the P. O.

Atk[illegible]

Vol. XV[illegible]

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

PENSIVE THOUGHTS.

Here, now, upon this velvet sod,
Where the tall bending grass dark waves,
This solitude' unsought, untrod—
Shall be my grave.

And when the parting sun at even,
Shines on the rill that murmurs by,
The cooling breeze gently driven,
Shall sadly sigh.

Here spring shall plant the brightest flowers
That in the golden sunshine wave,
And oft at night refreshing showers,
My tomb shall lave.

Here well I lay me down unseen,
Here calmly lay me down and die;
And cushioned by this mossy green,
Breathe my last sigh.

A name unhonored and unknown—
No mark shall from oblivion save,
No hand shall rear the sculptur'd stone
Above my grave.

CONTRASTED.

Across this grassy mead I'll stray,
When spring her flowery garland twines,
While on the rills the lamp of day
In glory shines.

When arching bowers their shade bestow
Upon the mossy rests beneath,
Where drooping violets round me blow,
And zephyrs breathe.

When balmy fragrance fills the air,
And warblers sing on every tree,
Where earth looks charming bright and fair,
And full of glee.

When all is life, joy, happiness,
Where e'er the gentle zephyr sighs,
When every object tends to bless,
And sorrow flies.

Then here I'll come at pleasure's voice,
Here fondly clasp her in my arms,
Wide nature's range shall be my choice,
So full of charms. — THEOPHILUS.

THE BLIND MAN.

[illegible] tell me of valleys, of meads and of mountains,
[illegible] the beautiful sea, and the clear gushing fountains,
[illegible] the lake's tranquil bosom reflecting the sky,
[illegible] the charms of the earth so mild spring [illegible]

[illegible] tell me at morning the sun rises bright,
[illegible] the dew on the flowers are gems in its light;
[illegible] tell me at evening the sun sets again,
[illegible] darkness o'erspreads, mountain and plain.

[illegible] darkly the mist hovers over my eyes,
[illegible] I see not the mountains—I see not the skies,
[illegible] beauty of Heaven is lost to my gaze,
[illegible] darkness unyielding, earth only displays.

[illegible] then tell me no more of meads and of mountains,
[illegible] the beautiful sea, and the clear gushing fountains,
[illegible] the lake's tranquil bosom reflecting the sky,
[illegible] the charms of the earth so mild spring [illegible]
CLARA.

FROM THE MAGNOLIA, FOR 1837.

MARIE JEANNE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

Chapter I.

One pleasant morning about sixty years [illegible] the good people of Paris were busily [illegible] their daily avocations, the eyes of th[illegible] in the neighborhood of the Tuilleries w[illegible] attracted by a magnificent train of horsemen [illegible] carriages advancing towards the palace from [illegible] direction of the *Bois de Boulogne*. The splen[illegible] importance of the cortege at once announce[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] however, seemed to cause little surprise, [illegible] the pleasure; for, at this period, the corruption [illegible] court had nearly reached its height; the [illegible] of deadly hate had long been making its [illegible] way through the general realms of th[illegible] body, and the gayest and loveliest circles [illegible] wealth, rank and fashion, led their giddy round [illegible] brink of a volcano.

The populace, ever ready to shout at that w[illegible] [illegible] received the royal procession with accla[illegible] and, bowing to his subjects with graceful c[illegible] [illegible] Louis XV. and his youthful grand[illegible] afterwards Louis XVI.) reached the lofty arch [illegible] entered the palace. A tall, young boy, who [illegible] forced too near by the crowd, was ord[illegible] [illegible] and one of the soldiers struck him sternly [illegible] flat of his drawn sword. The insult, thoug[illegible] could not be resented, was evidently felt, and [illegible] clenched his fist maliciously at the man, [illegible] followed him with a flashing look, and a shout of [illegible]

A miscellaneous group, accidentally flung [illegible] by the pressure of the multitude, obse[illegible] incident with murmurs of disapprobation, [illegible] their sympathy for the boy by echoing [illegible] cry against the guard.

"*Sainte Vierge!*" exclaimed one, "the k[illegible] his blade as if we were *canaille*!"

"I would have cleft him to the chine, had h[illegible] his hand on me!" cried another.

"*Diable!* Frenchmen are no longer better [illegible] [illegible]!" muttered a third.

"Were *I* the child, I would have justice if I [illegible] the throne itself!" said a fourth.

"The throne!" echoed one, and there was a [illegible] laugh.

"By our lady! a pretty place to seek justice!" [illegible] "He had better ask it of the Duc de Richelie[illegible] another, sarcastically.

"Or his fair daughter, the Comtesse d'Egmo[illegible] [illegible] a third.

A score of *sacres* followed the utterance o[illegible] name. The lady mentioned was one of t[illegible] [illegible] in the disguise of beautiful and fascina[illegible] [illegible] who contributed so largely, by their [illegible] and oppressions, toward the downfa[illegible] monarchy. She had been recently detecte[illegible] intrigue, carried on *incognito*, with a shop[illegible] the man's accidentally discovering her [illegible] he was suddenly arrested, and plunged i[illegible] [illegible] where only an accident saved [illegible] from eternal imprisonment, or a violent d[illegible] may be well believed that, at this period there [illegible] little affection between the people of Fr[illegible] their indolent and voluptuous sovereign.

Among those who lingered a few moments, [illegible] behold the splendor of the royal cortege and [illegible] the termination of the fracas between the [illegible] the soldiers, and the consequent irritation of [illegible] [illegible] was a young girl of about sixteen, w[illegible] plainly dressed, and carrying, under her a[illegible] bundle. The entire moral depravity [illegible] careful court, had not been without its eff[illegible] the people at large. In the circle of the [illegible] homage was offered but to the divinity of [illegible] in the common streets of the gay and g[illegible] [illegible] a form so striking as that of the p[illegible] [illegible] could not escape attention. From he[illegible] she might have been the girl of some fashio[illegible] [illegible], or *modiste*; and it was of a kind t[illegible] her round and graceful figure to the utmos[illegible] [illegible]; but her air and walk were char[illegible] [illegible] for a *duchesse*. Nothing could be [illegible] than her foot and ankle, airily displaye[illegible] [illegible] her coquettish dress; and her face, w[illegible] disappointing the expectations raised by [illegible] attractions of her person, rather surpa[illegible] surprised it. In short, she was pronounc[illegible] prettiest girl in Paris; and that then, [illegible] [illegible], was saying a great deal.

As she proceeded across the street, with her [illegible] [illegible] to the ground, and her w[illegible] [illegible] face, half betraying a consciousness [illegible] general admiration, many young men murm[illegible] [illegible] expressions of homage:—"*jolie!*"— "*charmante*"—"*ravissante!*"—escaped from [illegible] lips, and more than one idler, as if u[illegible] [illegible] or irresistibly attracted by the loveli[illegible] youthful Hebe, turned his course in the [illegible] of her.

"*Bon jour! ma belle!*" whispered one w[illegible] ugly face, "May I make your friendship [illegible]" There was no reply to this disinterested pro[illegible] a few moments after, another, a handso[illegible] richly dressed chevalier, addressed her, "A[illegible] name?"

"Marie Jeanne, Monsieur."

"Ah, you are not a Parisienne, by your ter[illegible]"

"No, Monsieur."

"And, if not from Heaven, Mademoiselle, [illegible] of France gave you birth?"

"Vaucouleurs, Monsieur."

"A stranger in Paris?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Married?"